

Sports Illustrated

JUNE 29, 1970

60 CENTS

TONY JACKLIN
WEATHERS
A STORMY OPEN





\$12 an ounce.

It's the Parker International Classic Ball Pen. In sterling silver. Yet so slim and so carefully made, it weighs just an ounce.

But what an ounce! It includes an ink supply that lasts and lasts and lasts, as much as five times longer

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Twelve dollars is a lot to pay for just an ounce.

Unless it's an ounce of perfection.

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**Ordinary drivers, ordinary cars,
ordinary roads, ordinary turnpike speeds.
For 50,000 miles. To prove
Firestone's Sup-R-Belt is no ordinary tire.**

The Drivers. Firestone wanted non-professional drivers, so we chose a group of boys from The University of Akron.

The Cars. We used three different makes of new cars. Cars like yours. Sedans and hardtops with standard automatic transmissions.

The Road. We drove most of the test over portions of Interstate 71. From Akron to Columbus. And back. And, of course, the usual in-city traffic. Wet, dry, day and night, our teams went an average of 1200 miles a day — around the clock — for 50,000 miles. We kept to the legal speed limit, traffic and weather permitting, driving the way you drive — maybe a little harder.

The Sup-R-Belt Tires. Firestone's Sup-R-Belt is a double belted, bias-ply tire. (Double-belted for mileage, double-belted for strength. Double-belting also adds a great deal more impact resistance than you get with ordinary tires.)

We rotated the tires every 5,000 miles. Kept the front ends in line and maintained the suggested air pressures.

Exactly what you should do to maximize tire life.

And Sup-R-Belt tires are more than double-belted. Firestone has a special way

of re-inforcing the side walls and bonding the tread to the body. Extra steps for us; extra security for you.

50,000 honest miles.

No tricks, no shortcuts.

Proof that Firestone's Sup-R-Belt will give you the important extra margins of security and mileage. Prices vary according to size, but they're far less than you'd expect to pay for this kind of quality.

Sup-R-Belts are the best double-belted tires at the fairest price that we know how to make.

Stop in at your Firestone Dealer or Store and ask about Sup-R-Belt. The double-belted tire we drove for over 50,000 miles. (Sup-R-Belts are also available with raised white letters.)

FREE! Firestone's Consumer Tire Guide. Get it at Firestone Dealers and Stores or write: Firestone, Akron, Ohio 44317.

Firestone
The Mileage Specialist.

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Next week

DEFENDING CHAMPIONS

Marty Liquori, John Carlos, Lee Evans et al. will be in Berkeley, Calif., for the AAU track and field championships. Pat Patterson reports the action.

TINTYPE PORTRAITS of the

modern heroes of baseball present Mays, Mar, the Robinsons and others in a Victorian guise. An album of new tintypes by Mark Kaufman.

MINING THE BAHAMAS

sounds like a fantasy, but a big dredging company is doing it right now. Amalgam is the industrial pose, a sterile environment may be the result.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



PHOTOGRAPHER-KAYAKER DEL MULKEY DEMONSTRATES THE ESKIMO ROLL

Shooting a stretch of rapids in a canoe or a kayak is tricky enough in itself; shooting good pictures of it is even trickier. Which is why, to get the photographs for the vivid picture essay on white-water canoe racing that begins on page 26, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** went to a top photographer who is also a kayak nut.

A resident of Europe (Paris mostly) since 1958, Del Mulkey has long been punctuating his career as a free-lance photo journalist with kayak trips down some of the world's most efficient rivers. A member of the French Canoe Club, he holds the distinction ("Well," he says, "it's a little enough thing") of being the first American to run the rapids of the Verère near Limoges, a frightening stretch of water that the French can bring to a boil simply by opening the floodgates on a nearby dam. On stretches of water like that, Mulkey figures, it's handy to know how to do the Eskimo roll, that fancy bit of boatmanship illustrated at the top of this page where one in this case Mulkey) rolls over in his kayak, thrashes deftly with his paddle while totally submerged and comes up again on the other side apparently no worse for the experience.

The chief problem Mulkey faced when he started his essay was the very basic one of how to hold, focus and fire a camera in the midst of a boiling

stream. One solution was to hide a motorized, pre-focused Nikon inside a glass-fronted plywood box and fasten the box to a kayak in such a way that the kayaker himself could trip the shutter by remote control. Good idea. Except that a kayaker's hands are not free to take snapshots—even if he has the time.

When he first tried to on the Verère, Mulkey says, "I ran the cord back from the box so the guy in the kayak could fire the camera with the seat of his pants by bouncing on the release. Fine. He climbed into the kayak, sat down on the switch and fired off the entire roll of film. I didn't hear it because the rapids were making so much noise."

Scratch one.

Further efforts in which the stern man in a two-piece kayak could trigger a self-portrait with the side of his knee were more successful, however, as were shots triggered by Mulkey himself as he ran along the edge of the churning stream beside the kayakers. And the end result, as all our readers can see, is a collection of photographs as drenched with spray and excitement as the sport they depict.

Rich Munro

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Al Unser put Autolite spark plugs to a brutal test winning the 1970 Indy 500*. But you know what? You're tougher on yours. Because city driving fouls plugs worse than racing. So Autolite originated plugs with longer tips that reach the hottest engine gases. They burn themselves clean. Next time, ask for Autolite spark plugs. They pass the toughest test at Indy. And the toughest test there is. Your kind of driving.

*Autolite also sparked Indy winners in 1969, 1968, and 1967.



A USAC sanctioned event.



Autolite 



We pass the toughest test.

Stop crying about your cut ad budget a minute so you can read what to do about it.



You can, for example, reach 48% more grown-ups than on the average primetime network TV minute.

For 19% less cost.

Or get more messages to women than on any of the top 10 daytime TV network shows—for less than half the average cost per thousand.

Or put your personal stamp on a continuing news event—for what a color page in *Time* would cost you.

All on network radio.

A note of small comfort on the state of your budget: at least you're not alone.

As a major medium we're in a pretty good position to say that a lot of advertisers have either trimmed budgets or kept them at last year's levels.

With inflation, of course, last year's levels mean a practical cut of between 5% and 6%.

"Network Radio?!!

Did you say Network Radio?"

That network radio can actually deliver larger audiences than a primetime TV minute often surprises advertisers.

It shouldn't.

The average minute on a network primetime TV show now reaches 15.9 million adults 18 and over.

It costs \$47,900.

Here's just one example of how you can beat those figures with network radio:

With a 20 plan on the CBS Radio Network (20 one-minute spots carefully ranged throughout the day and week), plus a similar plan on another network, you'll talk to as many as 23.6 million different adults all over the country.

Not only that, but you'll be talking to these 23.6 million people an average of three times each.

And your bill will come to only \$39,000.

Which all adds up to 48% more people for 19% less money.

What a measly \$25,000 will buy you these days.

A half page in *Life*, once.

Half of a primetime minute spot.

But since you can't usually buy less than a minute on primetime TV, you'll have to raise another \$23,000 or so.

Cosponsorship of "Walter Cronkite Reporting" on the CBS Radio Network, five days a week for five weeks.

So your heart's with the ladies, is it?

Fine.

With "Housewife 10 plans" on CBS Radio and another network, you can develop up to 22,758,000 one-minute impressions on women 18 and over for \$20,000.

How much will it cost you to make that same number of impressions via minutes on network TV's daytime top 10?

Figure it out:

	Commercial minute impressions on women 18 and over	Cost per commercial minute
Broadcast		
Top TV daytime	8,030,000	\$ 11,900
Second	6,260,000	10,800
Third	5,960,000	10,900
Fourth	5,670,000	10,800
Fifth	5,440,000	11,200
Sixth	5,060,000	9,600
Seventh	4,950,000	13,000
Eighth	4,890,000	7,500
Ninth	4,870,000	7,100
Tenth	4,720,000	7,800
Totals:	55,850,000	\$100,700
Averages:	5,585,000	10,070

To match network radio's \$20,000 impression performance, you'll have to multiply those TV averages by about four.

And if your arithmetic is anything

like ours you'll come up with a cost of over \$40,000.

\$40,000 vs. \$20,000.

Over on the left we mentioned that you could put your stamp on a news event for the price of a page in *Time* (\$40,906, four-color bleed).

You might ask Shell, B.F. Goodrich, General Acceptance Corp., Sherwin-Williams and Hobart Industries about that.

They all participated in our coverage of the historic Apollo 11 moon flight.

Shell, for example, had one-quarter of all the spots and made an estimated 51.5 million adult consumer impressions.

For \$35,000.

Or, if you're sports minded, you might like to know that you could have bought our Triple Crown broadcasts this year—the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, the Belmont—for a total price of only \$25,000.

If Budweiser hadn't got there ahead of you.

But there's always next year.

You don't have to show the bristles to sell the blade.

Poets have always known that the right word at the right time can evoke a brighter, sharper picture than pictures can.

Now, it seems, creative people in agencies are catching up.

In the last few years, there's been a new wave of radio commercials; colorful, sensible, funny, imaginative, touching radio commercials.

And when it comes to selling products, very effective radio commercials.

We'll be happy to come over with a dossier of recent success stories.

But in the meantime, we'll offer some names in evidence: Excedrin, Pan Am, Campbell Soup.

CBS Radio Network.

Before we run out of space talking about network radio in general, we want to say a few words about the CBS Radio Network.

We're by far the most popular radio network. Seventeen of the top 20 sponsored programs among people 18 and over are on CBS.

We average 56% more adult listeners per commercial unit than our nearest competitor.

If some extraordinary marketing opportunity makes you want to advertise nationally by tomorrow morning, we can have you advertising nationally by tomorrow morning.

We have 247 affiliated stations coast to coast.

When promotions and dealer tie-ins make it imperative that you know exactly where and when your commercials are scheduled to go on, we give you—in advance—a current computer print-out with specific times of broadcast, market by market. We regularly guarantee 90%-95% clearance and very, very seldom have to make rebates. This, as you may know, is unique in radio network broadcasting.

Nine of the top 10 advertisers and 10 of the top 10 agencies use the CBS Radio Network.

Some 467 top executives from *Fortune* 500 companies reported their own personal favorite radio stations. A startling 41% of them named a CBS Radio affiliated station as their first or second choice. The runner-up network had 26%.

So if the state of your economy prompts you to investigate network radio this year, you'll probably want to investigate it first at CBS.



CBS RADIO NETWORK

Sources: SREB; NTL RADAR; Sep '85; Advertising Age (6/13/85) and 2/21/79); ORC. Other network radio costs, CBS estimates. Audience estimates are subject to qualifications which CBS will supply on request.

Please don't write for a Dictaphone System. It'll cost you too much money.

Your secretary's time waiting
for you to get off the phone
and taking dictation: 38 cents.
Your time waiting for your
secretary to get back from
the coffee wagon
and dictating:
78 cents.



Your secretary's time
transcribing from
shorthand: 76 cents.

Your time to sign it: 2
cents. Your time waiting
around to sign it: more
than 2 cents.



6 cents. Or 8 cents. Or
maybe 10 cents by the
time you read this.

It's really much cheaper to call your local Dictaphone office. Because dictating a letter like this directly to a secretary will cost you \$1.92 plus stamps and stationery. (That's if your salary is \$15,000 a year. If it's \$150,000 the letter will cost \$8.96.)

A Dictaphone system can cut these costs by at least 30%. It can save you more than 40 cents per 100 words on every letter, memo or report that's dictated and typed in your business.

Check the memos on your desk today and see if it isn't worth spending a dime on a phone call.

Dictaphone will audit your written communications problems, design a system for you and estimate the costs

and the savings.

With no charge and no obligation

We have more different kinds of dictating equipment than anyone else in the business.

So we can design systems to fit your way of working instead of trying to change it.

Your local Dictaphone office can arrange the whole thing for you. (They're in the Yellow Pages).

But if you prefer to call our headquarters at Rye, New York, dial 914 967-7300. Without a Dictaphone system, it's still cheaper than writing, even if you live in California.

Dictaphone
Economy in writing.

**this beauty
won't blow in
your ear**



This new Deluxe Hotpoint Porta-Cool air conditioner has top air discharge which spreads a canopy of cool air throughout the room, instead of blowing chilling drafts directly at you.

Get the air conditioner that doesn't blow in her ear and she'll follow you anywhere.

Hotpoint Quality is backed by Hotpoint service

Hotpoint

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

EMBRATTLED EAGLES

The Philadelphia Eagles, who were embroiled in legal problems more than a year ago when Jerry Wolman, facing bankruptcy, lost control of the team to trucking magnate Leonard Tose, are being bounced around in the courts again. Three men, John F. Connelly, John J. Lioviano and Thomas A. Riley Jr., have filed an equity lawsuit asking that they be declared partners with Tose in the Eagles operation, saying that they supplied \$1.6 million of the money Tose paid to Wolman with the understanding that they would be partners. Tose held that the money was a loan and denied that the three were to be partners.

Tose has been squeezed by the tight-money situation—he used 90,000 shares of a 210,000-share holding as collateral on a loan, and the holding has had a paper loss of about \$10 million—but he insists that he is not in financial trouble and is in no danger of losing the Eagles. "I've got a trucking company that makes money," he said, "and a rich wife."

UNDERGROUND PING-PONG

Apart and counter-*apart* moves in sport appear to have given rise to clandestine competition. Because South Africa's table-tennis association has lost its international affiliation, players from abroad face suspension if they compete in that country. Yet a group of top-class table-tennis players from West Germany is currently touring South Africa unofficially. And, reportedly, a Rhodesian field-hockey team is at the same time quietly playing sub rosa matches in Europe without announcing the names of the players, the team or the games it is scheduled to play.

AFTER MARAVICH

The Atlanta Hawks were supremely happy when they signed Pete Maravich a couple of months ago, but with success comes problems. Bill Bridges, eight-year veteran of the Hawks, team captain and

No. 4 rebounder in the NBA, took a look at the amount of money the Hawks paid Maravich and decided to ask for a substantial raise. After all, the Hawks, without Maravich, had won the Western Division championship. "Pay me or trade me," Bridges told his bosses, to which Bob Cousins, president of the club, replied, "We have no intention of trading Bridges unless it becomes absolutely necessary. If he wants to be traded, that's unfortunate." Still, Len Wilkens was traded from Atlanta after a salary dispute in 1968, and another salary discussion led to the departure of Zelmo Beaty in 1969. Yet local observers could not help but recall Bridges' comment when Maravich was signed, "We need a white gate attraction," the veteran said then. "We'll all benefit from him." Apparently the No. 1 Hawk would like to be No. 1 on the benefit list.

THE MIND'S EYE

Dick Davis, assistant basketball coach and chief recruiter for the University of Florida, got word of an overlooked hot-shot at a small high school in Indiana. He wrote to the youngster and asked him to send any films of himself in action that he might be able to borrow. Several days later Davis received a bulky envelope containing two tape cassettes and a letter. "My school doesn't film our games," wrote the player, "but I enclose the tapes of two radio broadcasts so you can hear me play."

LEASE BUSTERS

Jack Huatt, now of the Chicago Cubs, was traded off by the San Francisco Giants on the opening day of the 1970 season, leaving Huatt, who had played five straight years with the Giants, stuck with a plush apartment that he had just finished redecorating. Luckily, Jim Johnson, a promising young San Francisco left-hander, needed a place, and he sublet the apartment from Huatt. Three weeks later the Giants sent Johnson down to their minor league farm club

in Phoenix, and Landlord Huatt had to do some long-distance shopping for a new tenant. San Francisco Outfielder Steve Whitaker said he'd take the place and did—for 2½ weeks, when the Giants sent him to Phoenix. Huatt looked around and found Bob Burda, San Francisco's veteran utility man. Burda moved in. For three weeks. Then the Giants released him outright.

At last report, Huatt decided to close down the apartment until fall. "Right now," he said, "I don't think there's a guy on the Giants who'd touch the joint."

WHALES

It may not make *Circa* Box's top tunes, but a new LP, *Songs of the Humpback Whale*, released by The Whale Fund and CRM, Inc., is one of the most unusual platters ever made. Recorded by Dr. Roger S. Payne and Frank Wailington, the songs of the humpbacks turn out to be weird and melodious whistles and scrapings from the echo chambers of the deep.

The humpback, which reaches a length



of 55 feet, is among the great whales faced with extinction. Commercial whaling has cut the Antarctic stock from approximately 30,000 in 1946 to only a few hundred at present. Indeed, the last decade of whaling has been the most ruthless in history, and right whales and California gray whales have been killed in such numbers that they, like the humpback, need complete protection. The blue

continued



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Choose Tourney 1, II, or III to match your shaft flex.

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whale, more than a hundred feet long and the largest animal that has ever existed on this planet, is now protected, but the ban may have come too late to prevent its passing.

If the great whales do survive, it will be due in large part to Dr. Payne, a 35-year-old biologist who has all the passion of a benevolent Ahab. One wet March night he drove out to see a beached whale near Boston. "It was a small whale, a porpoise about eight feet long with lovely subtle curves glistening in the cold rain," he recalls. "It had been mutilated. Someone had hacked off its flukes for a souvenir. Two or three people had carved their initials deeply into its side and someone else had stuck a cigar butt in its blow-hole. I removed the cigar and stood there for a long time with feelings I cannot describe. Everybody has some such experience that affects him for life, probably several. That night was one of mine . . . and I decided to use the first possible opportunity to learn enough about whales so that I might have some effect on their fate."

LAKE FOOTBALL

The Romans used to flood the Colosseum for mock battles between opposing boatloads of gladiators, and now promoters in Baton Rouge have done something along the same lines. No pitched battles, of course, but last weekend the 22,000-seat Memorial Stadium (where Quarterback Terry Bradshaw, No. 1 in the pro football draft, played his final college game last December) was flooded to a depth of 3½ feet for a water show that included water skiing, water kite flying and platform jumping. Memorial Stadium is horseshoe-shaped, with a five-foot walk at ground level; a dam was built at the open end of the horseshoe to hold back the lake. Agronomists at Louisiana State University assured the promoters that the field's Bermuda grass could resist five days of water cover, the show ran only three days. How sound the agronomists' prediction was will be proven in September when the stadium's busy football schedule (two to four games a week) begins.

PROTECTION

Fifteen years ago Jacques Plante, the goalie, introduced the face mask to the National Hockey League. Highly controversial in the beginning, the mask has now become standard equipment for

many goalies. But no one knows better than Plante of the need for improvement. This year in the Stanley Cup finals against the Boston Bruins, Plante, tending goal for the St. Louis Blues, had his mask cracked by a shot off the stick of Fred Stanfield, and he wound up in the hospital with a concussion.

Now with the Toronto Maple Leafs, Plante has developed and will manufacture a new mask made of woven fibers and resin that should be able to stop any shot. Plante demonstrated it recently by firing frozen pucks at it from an air-powered cannon. "We've been making tests with the face mask to see how much it can take, and it didn't even budge with shots at 135 miles per hour," he said. "That's pretty good when you consider the hardest shot in the NHL is Bobby Hull's. He shoots 118 miles an hour."

UP FRONT

In a splendid effort to upgrade interest in women's track and field, Marea Hartman of the British Women's AAA introduced a false issue last week that leaped onto sports pages. She sternly announced that she would patrol the ladies' locker room of London's Crystal Palace stadium before the Women's AAA championships to make sure none of the girls extended themselves unfairly. "We think it is high time that built-up curves are ruled out of international women's racing," declared Mrs. Hartman. "We want to be sure that the real girls, not the padded ones, win in any tight finish."

Some of the flatter-chested girls had been upset because of photo-finish decisions that went against them, she said. Spent Valerie Peat, for example, felt that she might have been second instead of third in a race if her bust had been bigger. Bayern Lillian Board, on the other hand, declared that she wasn't for padded brassieres at all: "I take the line that what I wasn't blessed with, I do without."

Mrs. Hartman finally admitted, with considerable satisfaction, that it was all a publicity stunt. "It came from a friendly conversation I had with Val Peat, when she said she had a good mind to buy a false for close finishes in sprints. I said, 'Over my dead body,' though in fact I've never known a girl in athletics with a false, and we do not intend to do anything about changing the rules.

Actually, the International Amateur Athletic Federation has a rule now that says, "No false ads!" which would appear to cover bras."

The last word, as usual, came from the cheerfully outspoken Miss Board, who possesses the women's European 800-meter championship and a 36-inch bust. Asked by a BBC man if she did indeed wear a brassiere during her races, Miss Board flippantly replied, "Of course I do. Otherwise, I'd end up with two black eyes."

NEW LEAF

After Wimbledon last year Cliff Richey, the Texan with a temper, decided to turn over a new leaf. When he showed up in Paris this spring to compete in the French Open championships, he announced that he had read a book, *Psycho-Cybernetics* by Maxwell Maltz, M.D., in order to get his psyche in shape. "He's a plastic surgeon who treats the mind as well as the face," Richey explained. "Ugly people would end up looking good but not really believing it. Like a kid in math who fails a few times and gets in the habit. He has to live up to his negative image. Maltz taught me how to recapture my positive image."

Two days later Richey's psyche turned sour. Angry about a line call, he blew a two-set lead in the semifinals and then stomped off the court and out of Paris with his rackets and, presumably, a shredded copy of Maltz.

THEY SAID IT

- Joe Robbie, owner of the Miami Dolphins, asked whether he would give new coach Don Shula enough time to produce a winner. "Sure, he's got all summer."
- Mary Bacon, jockey, recalling the race she rode in 1969, six days before the birth of her daughter. "My mount that day was a mare in foal. I couldn't help but think about those fans betting on a pregnant horse ridden by a pregnant jockey. The four of us finished last."
- Joe Morrison, 11-year veteran of the New York Giants football team, on why his 1969 season was the best of his career. "I guess the defense overreacted. I'm slower than they think, and that fools them."
- Carol Mann, lanky pro golfer on the Ladies' Professional Golf Association tour, asked how tall she is. "I'm 5 feet, 15 inches."

END

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TONY'S A SHARK AT PASTURE POOL

America's pros, convinced the U.S. Open course was a farm, played as if they had hoes in their hands, but Hazeltine looked like home to a dapper young Englishman who hustled off with golf's supreme prize **by DAN JENKINS**

All week long the one-liners dropped like bogeys out there in the Minnesota farm country, so it was welcome to the Henny Youngman Open, folks. Let's rent an electric reaper and play a fast 18. Stuff like that. Are the greens mowed and is the automatic milking machine working? Even the locker room has a dogleg. I'd withdraw but I don't know how to get back to town. And a lot of talk about cows and corn. This was going on at the Hazeltine National Golf Club because the pros had staggered onto a layout that made them look like they should be taking lessons from their assistants back home. All except one, of course, the Englishman who whipped it into the shape of a messy pudding. Even with the mad dog chasing him, Tony Jacklin won it so easily it seemed as if he alone were playing in the U.S. Open while Dave Hill and everybody else was putting up jams and jellies on Route 101 near Shakopee.

There is a theory that you have to like a golf course, just a little bit, in order to play it decently. If that was so about Hazeltine, then there could be no surprise in Jacklin's shocking seven-stroke victory. The way the course tossed and turned on slightly hilly terrain while displaying some enormous bald spots, and the way the wind lashed at it and the skies chafed it a couple of times, Jack-

lin had a reason to feel perfectly at home, somewhere back in Britain or Scotland. He said he felt at home, and he certainly played as if he were—at home, all by himself.

Among the rewarding things about Jacklin winning is that he now has achieved, at the tender age of 25, the status of a true star in the game. He has added the U.S. Open title to the British Open he won last summer. That means he has two major championships to his credit, and there aren't many active players on the tour who have accomplished as much. Only Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus, Gary Player, Billy Casper and Julius Boros, as a matter of fact. The rest are Al Geiberger or somebody, or they have been laid to rest in the record books.

Everybody was laid to rest at Hazeltine by Jacklin, who shot four consecutive sub-par rounds on a course the American pros said was unplayable, unprintable and would better serve mankind as the site of a Marlboro commercial. What Tony shot was 71 on a day when the wind blew 40 mph, 70 on a beautifully calm day, 70 on a day of gloom and chill and then a final 70 on a gloriously pleasant Sunday. That added up to 281, seven under par—and seven shots ahead of the mad dog, Dave Hill, who was more vocal than anyone about

Hazeltine and drew an absurd fine of \$150 for some of his public comments.

Just what was all the yelling about? Well, the design of the Hazeltine course was not to the liking of any American pro, but no course is these days that bears a trace of the unusual or the difficult. The touring pros have been making it increasingly plain in recent years that they object to any track with a tree, a pond or a par-5 that can't be reached with a drive and a swizzle stick.

One of the holes that made everybody the maddest at Hazeltine was the 1st, a long par-4 that bent around a bunker. The landing area for the tee shot disappeared gently from view below a portrait of a weathered barn perched atop a cornfield. Very funny, the pros said. It's like seeing up and hitting at International Falls. But, considering the locale of the tournament, what better opening vista than a cornfield and a barn? A course should reflect its surroundings. The Open had come to the Midwest, right? Well, here was a golf hole that said welcome to the Midwest. All golf courses don't look like Augusta National, and they shouldn't.

The more naive players in the field,

continued

While the superstars struggled in strokes and the defending champion only stayed two days, Jacklin found much to smile about.



NICKLAUS: 16 OVER PAR



PALMER: 17 OVER PAR



MOODY: MISSED CUT



DAVE HILL

It should be plowed up. All it needs is 80 acres of corn and some cows.



GARY PLAYER

Making rude remarks about a golf course is like accepting an invitation to dinner and then telling the host the food is lousy.

people like the two young Texas amateurs, Ben Crenshaw and John Mahaffey, were bewildered by all of the fussing. Mahaffey said yes, there were blind shots and hidden fairways, but didn't one tend to discover where they were after a practice round or so? "They say the greens don't hold iron shots," said the 18-year-old Crenshaw, "but they hold mine. Maybe I don't hit them right." So much for the irrelevance of youth.

One thing this most controversial of Open courses in years did do was take away the edge of the big hitters. There were four par-5s, but each was as reachable in two as downtown Minneapolis, 25 miles away. So those automatic birdies that the slugger is so accustomed to were not to be had unless the big man could also feather, float, finesse, clip, punch or play a little iron close to the hole. This vanishing talent was in short supply at Hazeltine. Bob Lum was the only long hitter among the leaders. The low rounds of the tournament, 67s, were shot by a couple of lightweight who might have been blown away by the wind, Bob Charles and Randy Weiff.

If firmed—and now blistering around the ears—golf Architect Robert Trent Jones had designed such an unfair course, how come there were 38 sub-par rounds in this Open? Venerable golf followers wondered what might have happened if the protesters had ever seen Oakland Hills back in 1951. Jones and the USGA combined for a memorable job on that one—the number of rounds below par was exactly two.

None of which is to argue that Hazeltine ranks among America's premier courses. It will never be in the category of Merion, next year's Open site, or Pebble Beach, which has the Open in '72. It is no Pine Valley or Seminole or lots of those places that make splendid calendar pictures in the offices of insurance executives. But it is better than two courses the Open has been played on in the past seven years—Bellerive and Congressional—and it has its memorable holes, especially those with water. The 10th was fashioned after 11 at Augusta, the 7th after the 16th at Firestone and the 6th after the 14th at Champions, all famous holes. And then there is the 17th which is, well, the 17th at Hazeltine.

Finally, it was suggested by cynics at Hazeltine last week that with something as important as the U.S. Open Cham-

ionship at stake, along with \$200,000 in pin money, it shouldn't make any difference if the pros are asked to play through a motel hallway full of vending machines. It ought to be their pleasure.

Hazeltine was certainly Jacklin's pleasure. What a nice steady show, that 71-70-70-70—281. Two eight one, huh? Before the tournament began Lee Trevino predicted, "If anybody shoots 281 on this course, the Pope is a possum." Well, when Jacklin's 25-foot birdie on the 72nd green leaped into the cup for 281, maybe something curious happened at the Vatican.

What happened at Hazeltine, among other things, was a full-out race to the record books to see when anybody last won the U.S. Open by so many shots. It turned out to be the biggest winning margin since Jim Barnes captured the event by nine back in 1921. There had been a Ralph Guldahl win by six strokes at Cherry Hills in 1938 and a Ben Hogan victory by six in 1953 at Oakmont, but nothing else close.

The only explanation for the brutal beating that Jacklin gave both the field and the course was that he was, as competitors sometimes are, charmed—charmed all week. He played well, granted. But so did Hill and a handful of others. What Jacklin did that the others did not was refuse to be intimidated by the course. And when he invented the shots he needed for Hazeltine, they came off, because he expected them to, on the one hand, and because it was Tony Jacklin's time, on the other.

For example, on the day of the high, swirling wind, with almost half of the field going for 80 and above—a day which found Palmer, Player and Nicklaus shooting 79, 80 and 81, respectively—Jacklin rapped home a couple of 40-foot putts and holed a bunker shot. He was the only player to equal or better par that day as the Americans went around cursing Robert Trent Jones as if he had also designed the wind.

"Three hundred will win here," said Larry Ziegler, "and it'll bring Sam Parks back out."

But Jacklin had a slightly different view. "Most Americans don't know how to play well in the wind," he said much later. "They are not conditioned to it. I might hit any club at all from 160 yards on in—even a two-iron. I practice that sort of thing all the time." What the American tends to do is look at his yard-

age card, see 160, hit his usual soaring seven-iron and then wonder why his ball got blown across 40 acres of food grain.

There was little for the Americans to do but laugh about their black Thursday at the Open. At one point Jacklin was four under par on the leader boards while everyone else was trying to stand up in the gale. He closed that day with a bogey and double bogey on the 16th and 17th or he probably would have won by a lot more. At that, he held a two-stroke lead.

The real proof that he was charmed, however, came on Friday. When he reached the 17th hole, where he had taken the double bogey the day before, he found himself deep in the trees—in serious trouble. The 17th was a hostile little hole, a crooked par-4 that called for a tee shot with an iron, or anything you could hit straight to slide the ball between the trees and leave yourself a clear short-iron approach to a green bordered by ponds on both sides. A couple of the pros called the hole *Farmer Jones'* practical joke, and everyone agreed that you could take anything from birdie to double bogey on it. Well, Tony had the double bogey out of the way, so now it was time for something else.

Deep in those trees, smart money would have chipped out safely and played for a sure bogey and a possible par. It seemed an especially wise thing for an Open leader to do. But Jacklin took out a five-iron, closed the face to keep the shot under the tree limbs and gave a little spunk while the crowd wondered if the Englishman had gone mad (*see cover*). The ball hopped and skipped and went along, rolling up perfectly into the alley between the ponds, and then onto the green and finally seven feet from the cup. And Tony made the putt. Thus, at the end of 36 holes, Jacklin led by three.

"You have to take some chances out there," he explained. "I felt I had a good chance to get the ball out, so I went for it. It was one of those shots you need to invent from time to time."

It was also on Friday that Dave Hill moved into second with a 69 and then sat down and told the world how it was at Hazeltine. Hill is a much better golfer than comedian, but the press ate up his words because Dave is definitely not from the yep-nope school of golf pros. He does talk, and whether one agrees with him or not, he is fun to have in

continued

town, Hazeltine, he said, ought to be plowed up so somebody could build a golf course on it. And he went on about cows and cornfields and such—a stand-up comic routine—except the cover charge was \$150.

When the PGA fined him for "conduct unbecoming," or whatever it was,

Hill only shrugged and said, "With the fines I've paid I could put my kids through college." One or two pros giggled that Dave should write out the check for \$300 because he'd say the same thing the next day.

Invigorating as it was to have Hill peering through his granny glasses at ques-

tioners and handling the role of American Golf Digest 1970, it was also true that his ire reached the point of charismatousness, almost as if he had found bomb-throwing was fun. The result was locker-room disorder the likes of which this grand old gentlemen's sport hasn't seen in decades. The never-say-a-naughty-

'GO TO AMERICA AND LEARN WHAT THE GAME IS ALL ABOUT'



First came the British trophy.



And now he's got the U.S. too.

Was this Musfield? Troon? Royal Birkdale? Or was it just another county assistants' championship there in Lincolnshire that Tony Jacklin was running away with in the wind and rain and cold and occasional sun last week? No, all you Queen Elizabeth fans, it wasn't any of these. This was in America, Middle America, as a matter of fact, deep in the heart of the corn and cow country of Chaska, Minn., where dashing Tony Jacklin from across the ocean stole away our handsome golf prize, much in the manner that David Frost made off with our Emmy, Richard Burton with our Liz, and the Beatles—you remember those fun guys—with all our money.

It was, to be sure, a long way both in time and space from the days when brash young Tony would sit and wait in Scunthorpe for his father to leave his job among the lorry drivers and come home so the kid could caddy and maybe swing a few clubs himself. But when you are 9 years old and brief of build, you take your opportunities as they come. Last week the opportunities came in abundance, and now of course Tony Jacklin has become the second foreign player to win the U.S. Open in 50 years and only the third bona fide Englishman to win both our Open and theirs.

(However, as any British golf journalist can tell you—and the three who were in at-

tendance, and in ecstasy, at Chaska did—Harry Vardon, who was the first, was really of the Channel Islands, from Jersey off the French shore, so was not a true Englishman at all.)

There is no question about Tony Jacklin being English, and certainly a golfer. He competed in junior tournaments all through his teens and, since he never liked school anyway and college wasn't that big a thing for the "flash boys" of tiny Scunthorpe, he left the classroom at 15 to concentrate on becoming a pro.

His parents had been against the idea, believing there was no money in the golf business. They must have been alarmed when Tony was forced to take a job as an apprentice fitter in a steelworks that first year (1960), deliver newspapers on the side and then move into clerical work in the office of a lawyer for another year before beginning to make a living at his chosen sport.

After defeating many of the better English professionals when he won the Open Championship of Lincolnshire at 17, Jacklin decided his time had come. He left home to become the assistant pro at the Potters Bar club in Middlesex. In 1965 he won the British Assistants' Championship and in 1966 was named to the Canada Cup (now World Cup) team that played in Japan.

Jacklin's first noteworthy U.S. perfor-

mance was in the 1967 Masters, where his very appearance was something of a fluke. Neil Coles had been invited from England, but Coles dislikes flying and declined. Jacklin came instead and caught the fancy of a huge gallery when he outshot his playing partner, Palmer, 70-73 on the second day and actually led the tournament during the third round before fading. It was here that Jacklin exhibited the aggressive golfing characteristics that set him apart from most English pros—the ones Americans routinely had been beating to death for decades.

Less than a year later, and with two big British wins behind him, Jacklin returned to the U.S., this time as a tour regular. He quickly won a tournament, the Jacksonville Open, and he earned \$58,000, but what he was really achieving was a knowledge of the brutal facts of competitive golf as only the men on the U.S. tour play it. "Go to America and learn what the game is all about," he later told his fellow British pros.

By midsummer of 1969 Jacklin was back in England for the British Open. To say that he dominated that tournament as completely as he did last week's U.S. Open would be stretching a point, but, measured in terms of popular acclaim, his British performance would be difficult to duplicate. This victory, at Royal Lytham and St. Annes, was the first Open win by a Briton in 18 years and assured him a place in the hearts of a people who have always taken their golf so seriously and their heroes so slowly.

Tony and his wife Vivienne now are building an apartment in his adopted residence of Sea Island, Ga., a place they can call home for all but four months of the year. They will reserve the other time for their first love, a 230-year-old house in the village of Elsham in North Lincolnshire, which they have restored to its 18th century beauty.

The Jacklins will always spend Christmas there, says Tony, Vivienne to cook and sit by the fire and Tony to relax with some favorite things—his four-wheel-drive Jensen FF Interceptor (newly painted lavender, if you please) out in the driveway, his golf trophies on the mantel and his Order of the British Empire award somewhere nearby. The Queen bestowed that one on him for winning the British Open. One wonders what she does for an encore.

—CURRY KIRKPATRICK

word types lined up privately and strongly against Hill, while maintaining their usual—and thoroughly dreary—no-comment posture, but the more outspoken Gary Player simply blasted Hill openly for very bad manners.

Hill then gave Player's position some strength—and did golf no good at all—by not only sticking with his views on Hazeltine, which he was certainly entitled to do, but backhanding all of Great Britain for the pure hell of it. Asked if he was going to play in the British Open, he alluded to trouble he had had over a ruling at the Ryder Cup matches there last year and said, "If they ever found me over there again they'd know I died and somebody shipped my body to the wrong place."

"We will be relieved to know that we will not be pestered by his ill manners again," answered British Journalist Leonard Crawley. "He left a solid bad smell." And Britain's Henry Longhurst summed up Hill's Hazeltine comments briskly: "Monstrous impudence."

Yet Dave never let up. On Sunday, after he had finished second, he refused to go out for the award presentation because the crowd had heckled him with barnyard noises.

"What has the USGA ever done against you?" asked harassed P. J. Bowdewright, USGA executive director and the man in charge of the Open. "They put the tournament on this course," answered Hill. Eventually Hill agreed to go out, and then told the crowd, which greeted him with scattered moos or boos, "If I couldn't moo like a cow better than you people, I would send [myself] to the slaughterhouse."

All very ancient and honourable.

For the spectators, Hill at least gave the tournament a villain, and they poured onto Hazeltine for Saturday's third round to find their mad dog and Englishman paired together. This offered the throngs a chance to become comedians themselves, and Hill first heard the whoops and calls in the gallery that sounded very much to him like mooing.

When he would hit a shot off-line, he would hear something like, "How far is it from the corn, Davey?" Hill could only smile, chain smoke and try to catch Jacklin, which was getting increasingly difficult because the Englishman slowly stretched his lead to four strokes at the end of 54 holes. Jacklin's 70 on Saturday, in fact, was as low as anyone

shot that day—and once again it featured a charmed shot at the 17th.

For the second time Jacklin drove wildly into the left rough off the 17th tee and found himself confronted with the same old decision. Should he try to dig it out of the weeds and get it up and over the trees and onto the green, or should he chip out safely? Hill was in position for a good birdie try, and there could be a two- or three-shot swing if a gamble did not pay off.

To the surprise of all, Jacklin went for the green again. This time he slashed a perfect eight-iron high over the forest and down onto the putting surface, and he got his par 4. With two chances on 17 to love the Open, he had only moved closer to winning it.

The last chance Jacklin had to put himself in any sort of terrible trouble was at the 9th hole on Sunday. There really weren't too many players within shouting distance of him when the day started, so it was pretty much a case of whether Tony could fend off any kind of charge at him that night be made by Hill or possibly Gay Brewer, who was six strokes back. It was only a day in the sun for everybody else, especially the big three. Palmer and Nicklaus were paired together early, and they cooled it around in 77 and 76 and tied old Tom Morris and Laurie Auchterlone at 305 and 304. Player did a little better, a 74, and he tied somebody using the gutta-percha ball at 302.

All three of the superstars, as it turned out, were beaten by Ben Crenshaw, who gave the tournament a little extra fun by wandering about in a quietly mod haircut, flairs, a sheepishly polite grin and a bag solid golf swing. Crenshaw had shot a 75 on the day of the wind and followed it up with a 73 to hold the early halfway lead on Friday. He looked so good hitting the ball that all sorts of critics, including Byron Nelson and Trevino, said he had the best grip, the best setup and the best swing they had ever seen on a youngster. He closed out his Open with 77-76 on Saturday and Sunday, hardly as dazzling as some of the 61s and 62s he's been known to shoot around Austin, but good enough to tie for low amateur with Mahaffey. This marked the first time anyone so young had done so well since Bobby Jones had been low amateur in 1920.

But if Palmer, *et al.*, were threats 10 years ago—and Crenshaw a threat 10

years hence—there was not a cloud on Jacklin's horizon Sunday except for that one fleeting moment at the 9th hole, when the tournament had a chance to tighten up. Hill, playing just ahead of Jacklin, had turned in even-par 36, and Tony had suffered two straight bogeys at the 7th and 8th holes. He was one over par for the day, and Hill, having gained a stroke, was only three behind. Jacklin had driven into the rough at the 9th. Another bogey here and they would go down the valley into the back nine separated by only two strokes. Also, there would be a tournament to watch.

None of this was about to happen. Jacklin reached the green with his second shot, and even though he gave his 30-foot birdie putt a rather harsh rap—one that for an instant suggested a three-putt possibility—it was headed straight for the cup, which it struck. The ball hopped about a foot in the air and came right back down to rattle around like all good birdie putts should.

And that was the last moment of any kind of drama.

"I knew then," Tony said, "that it was mine if I just took it easy. I actually enjoyed playing the back nine. I thought momentarily about Palmer losing his seven-stroke lead to Casper at Olympic and that such a thing could happen to me, but I put that out of my mind. I tried not to think that I was winning the Open or imagine myself at the presentation ceremonies."

Jacklin said he had been with Bert Yancey on Saturday night, and Yancey, who knew what it was like to lead the Open and then lose it—he had done so at Oak Hill in 1968—had told him to just swing easy, swing slow and play the course. And another of his good American pals, Tom Weiskopf, gave him the same thought: a bit more symbolically, Tom put a one-word sign in Tony's locker. "Tempo," it said.

But the final word on anything that happened at Hazeltine last week came from Leonard Crawley. Because of a newspaper strike that was settled too late, only Crawley among the daily British golf writers had crossed the Atlantic to see Jacklin become the first Englishman since Harry Vardon to win our Open.

Crawley tweaked his heavy mustache late Sunday evening, lifted his quill, smiled and said, "I have, you know, the whole of England at my feet."

So does Tony Jacklin.

END



DENNY McLAIN: READY FOR HIS COMEBACK TRY

In Lakeland the suspended ace of the Detroit pitching staff describes his efforts to stay sharp—and says he has learned a lot from box scores **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

It was a warm evening in Lakeland, Fla., and at 6:10 p.m., Denny McLain walked out onto the high grass of a practice diamond behind Lakeland High School, just as he had been doing nightly for three weeks. He wore a gray shirt, with DETROIT TIGERS written on the front, and a pair of orange sweat pants, with the number 44. His hair was bleached white in patches from the sun, and, at 195 pounds, he was at the lowest weight he has carried in many years, although press books have listed him as lighter. A group of youngsters gathered near him on the pitching mound. He took a scuffed baseball and threw 13 pitches with it, nearly every one of them the sort of pitch that keeps a good hitter awake at night—low, hard and nipping the edges of home plate. That unique McLain pitching style, compared by many to a ballet step, was on exhibition for anyone to see, but only three people sat in the scruffy stands.

Next week McLain will come back to major league baseball after having been suspended, and his return could be the most closely watched and discussed sports event of the year. Virtually every comeback by a pitcher at this point in a season is accompanied by reports that read: "He's returning after an elbow . . . a shoulder . . . a knee."

McLain, of course, is coming back after "a head." Suspended by Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, after disclosure by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED that he had been a financial backer of a gambling book in Michigan (SI, Feb. 23)—because, said Kuhn, "his own gullibility and avarice had permitted him to become a dupe of the gamblers with whom he associated"—McLain has not worn a Tiger uniform in anger since last September. He has not seen the Tigers play this season, watched them on television or heard them on the radio. Every morning he carefully reads the box scores and finds out what he can. "You can learn quite a bit from a box score," McLain said last week at his home in Lakeland. "Most of the hitters I already know, and I played against Alex Johnson [the league's newest high-average hitter] in winter ball."

McLain will be pitching before a packed house at Tiger Stadium against the New York Yankees, a team he has beaten 13 times and lost to seven times. Tiger Stadium has long been known as a hitter's park, and any pitching mistake usually ends up about 380 feet away on the green seats. McLain gave up 42 homers in 1966 and once when he was considering opening a restaurant he said he would call it The Upper Deck.

"My intentions are to pitch nine innings my first game back," McLain says, "but that will be up to the Yankees, I guess. My arm feels good. I was ready to pitch on opening day if I hadn't been suspended. God gave me a good body and I have never misused it, if you've got to be suspended I'd say that the best place to spend the suspension would be in Lakeland, because the people here are used to ballplayers and don't bother you."

"The difficult part of this thing for me will be reaching the competitive peak a pitcher needs. I have played a lot of golf, and never against anyone I knew I could heat. I want to keep that competitive edge." On a recent Friday, McLain shot a 75 at the Lone Palm Golf Club, despite a temperature in the low 90s, and he was beaten by a par 72 thrown at him by a friend. He came off the 18th green sizzling mad, a perfect indicator that his competitive edge, such a big part in his winning 35 games while losing only 15 during the last two seasons, was chromium hard.

"Look," he said, "sitting this thing out has not been easy, but in some ways it has probably helped. Maybe it's the best thing that ever happened to me, if you can believe that. Ever since winning 30 [in 1968] I've looked in the mir-

tor and seen a face and a man who was not 26 years old but 40 or 45. This thing is behind me now, and I have convinced myself of that. If I were older it would be so much more difficult to come back but at 26 there is enough time left to pick up the pieces and try to put them back together."

McLain returns to baseball at a time when the Tigers, with a real opportunity to advance in the standings, face the most difficult portion of their schedule. Starting June 30, the night before McLain's scheduled first start, the third-place Tigers play 14 games in 13 days against the Yankees, second in the American League East, Baltimore in first place and Boston in fourth.

"I've always thought of myself as being a stopper," McLain says, "and if I do my job and hold the other teams off I know that the Tigers will score runs. I might not get the win but the team will, and that is what matters. The club hasn't been pitching well, and I feel that I can help that situation out. I could get as many as 23 starts between the time I return and the end of the season, and it might be possible that we could win 15 to 17 of those games."

"Some people maintain that when we won the World Series in 1968 we dominated the American League. I don't think we did. I believe we just got out in front and stayed there and played good sound baseball all year long. Last year Baltimore got too far in front too early for anyone to catch. I have talked to Mayo Smith once a week since I was suspended, and he keeps encouraging me and tells me he can't wait for me to get back. During the time I have been away a lot of things have gone through my mind, and I think I understand things better than I did before."

"Last week I managed an American League game between Lakeland and Tampa. We [Lakeland] won 1-0, and after the second inning I was calling every pitch from the bench. I guessed along with the opposing pitcher and guessed curve twice when he threw curves, and that allowed us to steal two bases, and we scored our only run after one of those steals. I found myself pulling hard for our team, and that wasn't like it was for me on the days when I was not pitching. I used to just plop down on the bench and say very little. Now I think that for the first time I can understand the torture and anxiety of

the major league manager. When we got our run I said to the guys, 'Hold onto that, it might be all we're going to get.'"

McLain's reputation as a pitcher is not built solely on his 31-win season. In his first professional start in Harlan, Ky. in 1962 he pitched a no-hitter. He not only won in his first game as a Tiger, he also hit a homer. During his first full season in Detroit he became the biggest winner on the club with a record of 16-6, and that same year he came out in relief to strike out the first seven men he faced—a major league record. The following season he won 20 games to become the first Tiger to do so in five years. McLain also is one of the best bunters in baseball, having led the league in sacrifice hits in 1968 with 16.

Although McLain has been pitching since February, the concentrated part of his training to get back into shape started on June 2. "That first day," says Jim Handley, the coach at Lakeland High School and a former player in the minors, "Denny ran 12 50-yard sprints, did about two miles running up and down the bleacher seats, did 50 pickups and played 45 minutes of basketball. He went at it hard and hasn't stopped yet."

This month McLain has started nearly every afternoon with a round of golf and followed that at 6 p.m. with baseball and calisthenics on the Lakeland High field. The field itself provides an almost eerie setting in which to work out one's problems and dreams. There are neither base paths nor baselines, and the grass is high. Two sides of cardboard boxes were on the infield grass last week, along with a ripped plastic drinking cup, a Sprite can, a Cracker Jack box and an orange-juice container. A business card lay near the mound, reading: "Talbot: Gray presents fashions on Father's Day." Youngsters from the Lakeland area joined McLain, standing at the plate, to simulate game conditions.

"Oh, we got on him," one of the youngsters said last week, "did we ever get on him. Most of the kids are Yankee fans, and when we'd go up to hit against him we'd say things like, 'I'm Roy White of the World Series-bound New York Yankees.' In his early workouts some of the kids got some hits off him, but then McLain pitched like McLain and he had the last laugh."

Friday evening Denny McLain sat on a car hood with a group of kids around him, and one of them said to him, "It



In superb shape, McLain works before on court

won't be long now before Mel Stottlemyre becomes baseball's next 30-game winner as he leads the Yankees into the World Series." McLain looked at the youngster, but his smile really said nothing. An hour and a half later, though, after a rugged basketball game, the boy asked McLain for a ride home. "Call Mel Stottlemyre," McLain said. "Let the next 30-game winner drive you home" (But McLain drove the youngster home, anyway.)

Every fourth day McLain has been pitching the equivalent of a nine-inning game, and at times he has felt strong enough to throw 170 pitches. "My fast ball is good," he says, "a little bit better than I thought it would be, and my control has been sharp. I just want to go back to Detroit without any fanfare at all. I don't know how or when I will get there, but that will be figured out. A lot of people don't think I take the game seriously enough, but let them watch me after what I've gone through. It's all going to be between those white lines now. I'm coming back, and I have a better outlook on things than I ever had. It's time for me now to start picking up all the pieces."

END

CAL CUTS DOWN THE BARBERIANS

Led by a coach who doesn't give a hang about hair, the University of California, which hadn't won an NCAA track championship since 1922 and didn't score a point last year, got off fast to win at Des Moines **by PAT PUTNAM**

When young Dave Maggard moved up from assistant to head track coach at the University of California at Berkeley last summer, he called in his troops and told them he would measure only their times and distances, not their hair or their politics. He was, he said, a track coach, not a barber. He intended to run a track program, not a sociology class. Give yourself 100% in life, baby, he said. Just give me the same on the Tartan. Goatees began to flourish; so did performances. Hair grew long, times grew short. Morale, a problem at Cal in recent years, soared. Outsiders laughed and said Maggard was nothing but a hippie coach. They didn't say it to his face. He's 6' 3" and 250 pounds, a quiet giant with short hair who finished fifth in the shotput in the 1968 Olympics. "I'm hardly a hippie," he says. "I just don't agree with a lot of people who make a big thing out of mustaches and long hair. Within reason, every guy is an individual."

Last weekend Maggard and his individuals slipped into Des Moines, Iowa for the NCAA championships and were immediately seeded to finish somewhere between C. W. Post and Occidental, if that high. The year before they hadn't scored a point. They hadn't won an NCAA track and field championship in 48 years. They won, of course.

Cal won by scoring only 40 points, while 59 other teams were carving up each other and the remaining 673 points, and when night fell on Des Moines last Saturday the only favorite in town left standing was Sally Rand, Christian College, class of 1919, who was stripping at Sisto's Club on Sixth St.

The first to fall was everybody's favorite, UCLA. Its highly touted 440 relay team never got past the first handoff in Thursday's preliminaries. UCLA and Texas-El Paso had posted the fastest times this year, 39.4, and neither figured to do worse than pick up the eight points for second place. But Ronnie

Welch, UCLA's leadoff man, pulled a muscle rounding the turn, and when Reggie Robinson stuck out his hand for the baton it wasn't there. "Well," said UCLA Coach Jim Bush to UTEP Coach Wayne Vandenburg, "I guess that wraps everything up for your team."

"Like hell it does," said Vandenburg. "We haven't scored a point yet."

Now a slight favorite, UTEP began adding up its point potential: the 443 relay team, Paul Gibson in the 220 and the 120 hurdles, three sprinters, a few here from the field, a few there from the six-mile. "I get 50 plus," said Vandenburg late Thursday night. "But when you start talking about sprints and re-lays anything can happen. UCLA figured it gave us a 10-point jump when it dropped the stick, but it can happen to us and we're both back to zero."

That's what it became Friday—zero. UTEP was disqualified in the 440 relay for running out of its zone before the handoff was completed. Then it was

Sprinters Eddie Hart and Isaac Curtis, a 195-pound freshman running back, here finishing one-two in the 100, scored 21 of Cal's 46 points.



zero-minus. All three UTEP sprinters failed to qualify in the 100.

It got worse. UTEP's Kerry Pearce, one of the favorites, and John Bednarski didn't score in the six-mile, won by Ohio's Bob Bertelsen in the NCAA-record time of 27:57.5. Gibson, however, took the 120 hurdles as expected.

Then it was time for the 100 final, people like Mel Gray and Jim Green and Herb Washington—and a couple of kids from California, Eddie Hart and Isaac Curtis, who finished one-two. Cal went from nothing to 18 points and the lead in 9.4 seconds.

"It's nice to be ahead," said Maggard Friday night, "but I won't say I'm surprised. A lot of people could win this thing: Oregon, Brigham Young, Washington State. UCLA isn't out of it yet. They still have two pole vaulters who could do well. And all of Villanova's great runners go tomorrow."

Oregon, which had scored 13 points Friday, now looked like it had enough to win—if it stayed healthy. Rosecoe Divine, its 3:56.3 miler, had come out of his heat with the twinges of recurring tendonitis, and, worse yet, the Sunday before, Steve Prefontaine, its world-class freshman distance runner, had cut the bottom of his right foot on a rope bolt while running around a motel pool. The wound had taken six stitches, and Prefontaine had spent four days in bed, his injured foot wrapped in a Baggie and stuck into a bucket of hot water. For the NCAA three-mile they would wrap the foot in tape and hope the cut wouldn't reopen. If it did, Prefontaine said he'd keep running until he finished or ran out of blood, whichever came first.

After two days of bright warmth, Saturday came in snarling, black, wet. At the Drake University dorms, where most of the athletes were housed, UCLA Coach Bush kept looking out of a window searching for blue sky. He spotted a patch far to the north. "That blue is our only hope," he said. "Our two pole vaulters have to be in the first three if we expect to win. Rain makes vaulting very iffy."

Not far away, in another dorm, Brigham Young and its foreign legion—two Finns, two Swedes, an Englishman and an American, Ralph Mann, the 440 hurdler—were figuring their chances and deciding they were excellent, even without Perttu Pousi, BYU's senior triple jumper and long jumper. In three pre-

vious NCAA championships Pousi had never scored fewer than 15 points. But this is the last year for the rule that says a track athlete who competes as a freshman can only compete for two more years, and Pousi had been left home in Provo, Utah.

"It would have been reasonable to expect 18 points from Pousi," said Coach Clarence Robinson, "but we can still win. UTEP is out and I don't think Cal can do it. They lead with 18 points on a one-two finish in the 100. What else have they got?"

The last day of the meet began with wind, rain and the answer to Robinson's question: California won the 440-yard relay. Villanova then finally got on the board as Marty Liquori took the mile in 3:59.9. Oregon was stunned when Divine dropped out after 2½ laps. Bounced around during a furious start, he had wrenched his ailing ankle and had run as far as he could. It was a point loss Oregon would never make up. "I guess it's too late for us," said Liquori. "But Oregon is out now, too." Brigham Young wasn't. Ralph Mann won the 440 hurdles in a world-record 48.8, a full half-second under Gert Petegjer's 10-year-old mark.

Prefontaine won the three-mile in a meet-record 13:22, without losing a drop of blood. Villanova's Dick Buerkle coming in third. Then Villanova's Larry James, a silver medalist at Mexico City, took the 440 with a 45.5. The Wildcats now had 26 points but their hopes were dashed when Andy O'Reilly finished last in the 880, which was won by Kansas' Ken Swenson in 1:46.3. California, however, picked up four more points, Isaac Curtis finishing fourth to Willie Turner of Oregon State in the 220.

Oregon finished fourth in the mile relay—the last running event—the only contender to get any points, and closed up shop with a leading 35. But Cal (32 points) and UTEP (20) still had contenders in the triple jump, and Washington State (31) and UTEP were alive in the pole vault.

"All we need in the triple jump is a third place," said Maggard, "and right now we're second." A shout went up. Rich Dunn's 50' 5½" had stood up for second and eight points. Maggard started to grin.

"Not yet, coach," someone said. "If Washington State takes the pole vault, it'll win by one point. The bar is at 16' 6",

three guys are over and Washington State's Jack Ernst has one more shot."

When the rain had begun, the pole vault was moved inside the Drake field house, a relic no longer used by the basketball team. Brigham Young's Alti Alarotu peered through the gloom at the rafters, the low ceiling and the short runway, and turned to Assistant Coach Willard Hirsch. "Sorry, coach," he said, "but I'm not about to vault in here."

"You can't be serious," said Hirsch. "Lord, if you win this we might still win the championship."

"No way," said Alarotu. Hirsch begged, threatened, cajoled. At last, for the sake of God, motherhood, Finland, America and the honor of the Mormon Church, Alarotu agreed to test the runway. The vaulters were starting at the middle of one curve of the indoor track and then, running downhill, swooping toward the bar. Alarotu tried it, found he could go faster downhill than ever before and stayed in.

When Ernst went out at 16' 6", Maggard said, looking not the least surprised, "I guess it's all over."

"Congratulations, coach," said a fan. "You're the only guy who ever won an NCAA outdoors championship indoors watching a pole vault in an abandoned barn."

If it was over for California, it wasn't for Jan Johnson, a Kansas sophomore who was to come within a hair of being the world's first 18-foot vaulter. On his third try Johnson was over at that height, but his chest barely touched the bar. For a moment it rocked, then fell. He won at 17' 7", which would have been the best ever indoors except for the fact that the runway was downhill.

"If I had relaxed on the way down I would have had 18 feet," said Johnson. "But I'm happy. I didn't really expect to vault well today. I dreamed I was vaulting all last night and when I woke up I was exhausted. It's almost as tough as vaulting over bales of hay with a pitchfork."

Over what? With what? He laughed. "That's how I learned. Me and my kid brother. Then we switched to a barbed-wire fence using a copper pipe. Look at this." He pulled up the left leg of his shorts. A long jagged scar ran down the inside of his thigh. "Seventeen stitches," he said. "I'll tell you, going over barbed wire, that's clutch vaulting."

END

PELÉ AND PALS RETIRE THE CUP

With a smooth, confident attack that made hash of Italy's normally strong defenses, the Brazilians booted their way to a surprisingly easy triumph for soccer's championship of the world in Mexico City by **TEX MAULE**

Brazil, a team that plays with the fluid rhythm of a conga dancer and the daring of a bullfighter, brought wild ecstasy to most of the 112,504 howling Latin Americans in Aztec Stadium in Mexico City last Sunday when it destroyed a confused Italian team 4-1 to win the world championship of soccer.

The rout was chiefly the handiwork—or footwork, rather—of a pair of splendid veterans, Edson Arantes do Nascimento, known as Pelé, and Gerson Oliveira Nantes, known simply as Gerson. Each scored a goal in the victory, but it was the cool craft of Gerson in directing the subtle, intricate Brazilian attack and the deft, almost psychic passes of Pelé that most often initiated the swarm-

ing raids that riddled the Italian defense time and time again.

Gerson is a small man, going a bit bald on top, and his uniform hangs loosely on him, but on this overcast day he was a commanding figure on the wide green field of Aztec Stadium. With the ball at his feet, quietly surveying the moving pattern of play in front of him, he found the flaws in what had been considered one of the stronger defenses in soccer with almost uncanny precision. As often as not, he started the Brazilian attack with a pass to Pelé, who had three more quick, adept and intelligent forwards to help him move the ball in Tostao, Jairzinho and Rivelino.

Even so, only the first Brazilian goal was a simple one. It came well into the first half after the two teams had tested each other gingerly on a field made slippery by a drenching rain that ended just before the start of play. As the game progressed the clouds lifted, the field dried and the Brazilians began to move with the effortless speed and coordination that marked all their games in this World Cup competition.

That first goal started with a throw-in by Tostao. He dumped the ball at the feet of Rivelino, who lifted a delicate, high cross to the far edge of the Italian goal mouth. There Pelé, guarded closely by Italy's Tarcisio Burgnich, climbed high into the air, seemed to hang for a moment, then nodded briskly and headed the ball into the back of the net past the groping fingers of Enrico Albertosi, Italy's goalkeeper.

Italy equalized late in the half. Roberto Boninsegna pounced on a careless pass deep in Brazilian territory and joined with Luigi Riva to overpower the one man left to help Felix, the Brazilian goalie. Boninsegna scored easily. The goal seemed more a freak of fate than a planned sortie and it typified the Italian offense, which appeared to be based on two premises: one, that the Brazilian defense would make enough mistakes to allow the Italians to collect sufficient gar-

bage goals for victory, and, two, that their best answer to Brazil's sinuous offense was a long pass to Riva somewhere near the Brazilian goal. That and a fervent prayer. Indeed, the day before the match a man close to the Italian team said, "You could kill Riva and everyone would still be passing to him." Against Brazil, unfortunately, he was as good as dead.

With the field becoming fast and the sun trying to break through in the second half, the Brazilians opened another notch in what must be soccer's finest attack, completely befuddling their rivals. Italy's answer was a series of fouls, most of them precariously close to the penalty area.

None of the resulting free kicks scored for Brazil, although once, from about 25 yards out, Rivelino drilled a high shot that slammed into the crossbar at the top of the cage, bounced into the air and finally trickled off the field. At last, though, it was the unheralded, almost shambling figure of Gerson that created the precise combination of passes leading to the goal that put Brazil ahead for good. Gerson started at midfield, moving slowly, keying the pattern developing before him. He tipped a rolling pass to Everaldo, moving to his left. Everaldo put the ball ahead to Jairzinho, playing on the fringe of the penalty area, while Gerson broke on an angle, running hard toward the goal. Jairzinho, besieged by the frantic Italian defense, hit a quick short pass back to Gerson, who intercepted the ball perfectly and then sent a booming left-foot shot that flashed by Albertosi into the back of the net before the Italian goalkeeper had time to react.

Practically, the game ended with that score. Italy's attack grew no more imaginative. For some devious reason, Ferruccio Valcareggi, the Italian coach, benched Gianni Rivera, his only player with the tactical sense to match that of Brazil's Gerson. Rivera had had personal differences with Valcareggi early



Teammates overwhelm Pelé at the finish.

on, but it was Rivera who had animated Italy in its enormously exciting 4-3 overtime victory over West Germany in the semifinal. He sat on the sidelines against Brazil until the game was well lost, with only six minutes to play. Rivera was the only man on his team without a Riva complex.

For most of the second half the Brazilians seemed to toy with the Italians. Their attack never faltered, but now and then one of their talented forwards would add a grace note to a linked series of passes, almost as if he were trying to add an extra filip of entertainment to please the vociferously pro-Brazil crowd.

Again it was Gerson who provided the deep penetration into the Italian defense that opened a gap for the third goal. This time, instead of starting the attack with a series of short passes, he spotted Pelé relatively unattended near the goal mouth and lofted a long, high pass to him. By the time the ball arrived Pelé had slipped his cover, Burgnich, and had lifted himself high in the oddly balletic leap that makes him so dangerous anywhere in the vicinity of the goal. Albertosi dived toward him to block the apparent shot, and Pelé baited the ball to the feet of Jairzinho on the other side of the goal. Jairzinho rolled it in easily.

The last Brazilian goal was a salute to Carlos Alberto Torres, the captain of the team, who is primarily a defender and seldom scores. Against the now-demoralized Italian defense Brazil moved the ball almost at will, and Pelé, after another clever, exact series of passes, wound up with it in front of the Italian goal. It appeared that he could have scored himself, but somehow he sensed Alberto coming up from behind him, to his right. He flicked the ball out to Alberto, who hit the perfect pass in full flight and cannonaded the ball by Albertosi for the fourth score.

Predictable bedlam broke out when the game ended, with the crowd flooding the field, carrying Pelé, Gerson, Jairzinho, Alberto and most of the rest of the Brazilian team around on its shoulders. The Mexican police, as usual, did little to restrain the mob, but it is probably true that few police in the world could have done more.

Before this game a Brazilian sports-writer had said that the team had not reached its real potential, although it was undefeated in Cup play. Before this



Scoring the final goal was vastly satisfying to Brazil's Carlos Alberto, chiefly a defender.

game, too, Valcareggi had said much the same thing about his team. Italy squeaked through its division into the quarterfinals with the remarkably thin production of one goal in three games. "We didn't put any lira in the bank in the division play," Valcareggi said. "We didn't want anyone to know how rich we were."

For some reason, the Italians elected to leave Gerson almost unguarded, especially in midfield where he is so effective at coordinating the Brazilian game of movement and interlocking passes. Possibly they were led astray by Brazil's victory over Uruguay in the semifinal, when Uruguay's Julio Cesar Cortes was a hair short to Gerson. "If I went to the left, Cortes was with me," Gerson said later. "When I moved to the right, he was at my elbow. I moved forward, to the edge of the penalty box in the center, and he came with me again." So Gerson, never at a loss to find advantage in the quirks of a defense, set up a plot with Clodoaldo, a young, talented Brazilian midfield play-

er. Normally Clodoaldo plays back, concentrating on defense, while Gerson moves into the heart of the attack. Now Gerson told Clodoaldo to switch roles with him. "I'll take Cortes back to our penalty box and that will take him out of the defense entirely," he said. "You go forward."

Clodoaldo scored the goal that pulled Brazil into a 1-1 tie with Uruguay and he sparked a second-half offense leading to Brazil's 3-1 victory.

In the Brazilian embassy in Mexico City there is a glass case that is usually occupied by the statue of a religious figure. At a party before the World Cup the ambassador put a card in with the statue. The card read: "After June 21st, the Jules Rimet Cup will occupy this space." Now it does.

Eventually the Cup will go to Brazil to stay, because this is the third time Brazil has won the championship. The team itself flew home to have lunch with the president of the country the day after the final triumph. The president should feel honored.

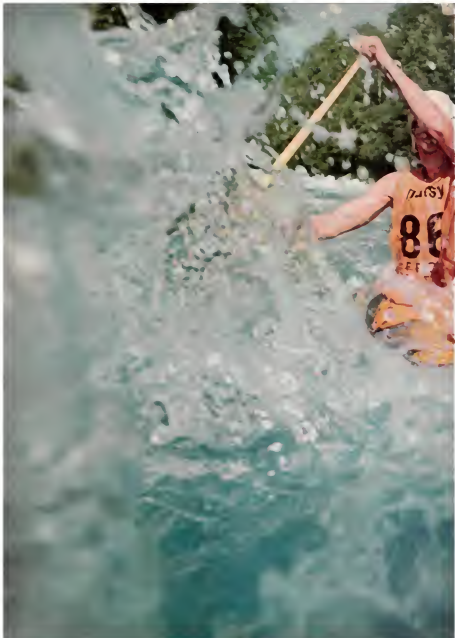
END

A Tippy Canoe In a Wild Rapids Stew

The experts insist it is no more dangerous than, say, skiing—and what better way to get down a stream than churning along crazily in canoe and kayak? After seeking recognition for years, the sport has at last been granted a new role of soaking-wet respectability: in the summer of 1972, white-water slalom will become an official Olympic event, and the river racers, who have been doing this all along just for lumps, will finally be rewarded with ribbons and medals. Meanwhile, the bold ones mix it up each season on rivers where the water is suitably boiling, such as this run on the Isère in southeastern France. Here, starting with the sturdy pair at right and on the pages that follow, Camera-man Del Mulkey previews a splashy competition that may make the rest of the Games seem all too tame.

Thrashing through
the foam, the French
team at right seeks
speed and balance.
And in the dramatic
spread on the next
two pages, Americans
Norman Holcombe
and Brad Hager
emerge soaked but
upright.











Keyakers surge
down a slalom
course, and the idea
is to run each gate.
But river

racers can take any
approach: backward,
upside down or the
full sideswipe, like
the paddler below.

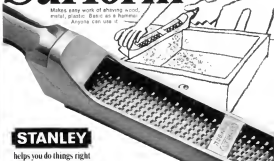




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*Identifying a white-
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pools and eddies
among the rapids—
providing a few brief
seconds of calm for
contestants such as
the young woman
at left.*



Metal sculpture from the Dunlop Collection. 17th
at Madison National Golf Club, Chicago, Minn.
Site of the 1970 U.S. Open Championship.

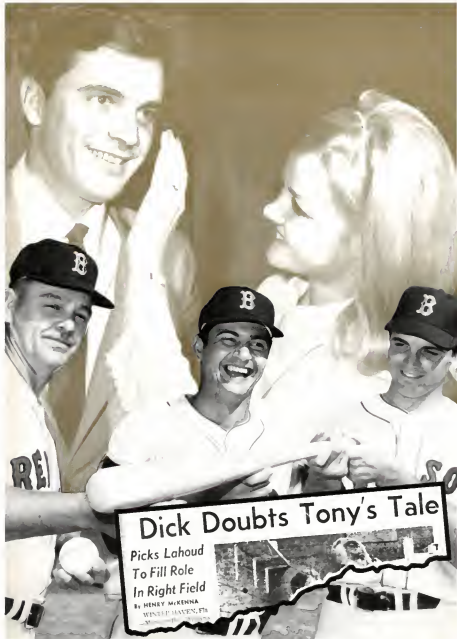
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Dick Doubts Tony's Tale

Picks Lahoud
To Fill Role
In Right Field

By HENRY McKEHNA
WINSTON-SALEM, N.C.



HOPE, DESPAIR AND A MIRACLE

When I look back on the black days that followed the incident in which I almost lost my life and then my eyesight because of a badly pitched baseball, I wonder why I didn't go crazy. All my life things had seemed to go my way. I never had any doubts that tomorrow would come and it would turn out all right. Now, suddenly, I realized I didn't know what tomorrow would bring. I was sick and confused inside, and the worst part of it was that I couldn't tell anybody about it. I have always kept my feelings locked within myself.

In late November, when things seemed bleaker than ever, I went again to see Dr. Charles Regan, the ophthalmologist, and, surprisingly, he had encouraging news for me, the first since my accident. He said it looked as if, even though the inner wall of the cyst in the macula had broken, the eye had stabilized and there had been no further decrease in vision. He saw no reason why I couldn't resume normal physical activity. "We can't predict how it will be for you," he said, "because the imbalance between the vision in your right and left eyes is

A cautious comeback, interrupted by a sudden loss of sight, ended in bitter words and near blindness. Then, for reasons still unknown, the vision cleared and hits once again cleared the outfield fences

by TONY CONIGLIARO with JACK ZANGER

an individual thing, and playing baseball requires special skills. I'm not sure whether you'll have more difficulty hitting a ball or catching it. Try everything. Only you can tell."

It was a hopeful sign, but I knew I still couldn't see and wouldn't be able to tell for sure until I went to spring training and swung at a live pitcher again. As I walked out of Dr. Regan's office I was still afraid to close my right eye to see what the left eye picked up. When I looked straight out of the left eye alone, things were fuzzy and soft but objects slightly off to one side appeared normal. Dr. Regan had explained that my peripheral vision had not been damaged but that my direct vision—what they call macula vision—had been. That's the vision that enables you to pick out the spin on the ball and to judge the distance it is from the bat in your hands. And I just didn't have it.

The next few months were the most miserable of my life. I was horrible to everyone around me and to myself. I had few dates, and when I did go out with girls I treated them terribly. I treated my family just as badly. I had very little patience with anyone or anything. I sulked most of the time.

In January I began going out about twice a week to Harvard, where they had an indoor batting cage. Darrell Brandon, one of our pitchers, usually threw to me. Even though the people watching me were impressed, I knew I wasn't making good contact with the ball. It was hard to pick out and the lighting wasn't that good. But I'd hear people say, "Boy, he's back in the groove

again." They didn't know what they were talking about. The only guy who wasn't fooled was me. I knew I had to talk to somebody, and I trusted Buddy LeRoux, our trainer, who worked out with me some days. One day I said to him, "Buddy, I can't keep this a secret any longer. My vision is not good."

Buddy stared at me. "What are you saying, kid?" he said.

"I'm working as hard as I can at seeing that damn thing, Buddy, but it just doesn't look the same," I told him. "At times my depth perception is way off. I don't know where the ball is. I don't know if I can make it this year."

Buddy shook his head and said, "I don't ever want to hear you say that again. You'll make it. Stay with it."

We got to Winter Haven, Fla., in time for the first day of camp. It was like an old-fashioned reunion in the clubhouse. The guys swarmed around me and told me how good I looked and wished me luck. Red Sox Manager Dick Williams took me aside and told me I could train on my own. "You can do anything you want. I won't push you," he said. "When you're ready to play in a game just let me know. If there are some pitchers who are going to give you trouble we'll just keep you out of the lineup. Everything's up to you this spring." That's all the man had to say to me. He never once asked about my eye or how I felt. O.K., I said to myself, *that's the way it is*. I know, though, that I let it get under my skin.

I tried to forget my feelings about Williams, but I could feel the pressure building up. My father and my Uncle Vinny and a lot of neighbors from

continued

THE ROAD BACK for Conigliaro began with greetings from a young lady and Manager Dick Williams and Carl Yastrzemski (left and center) but devolved in a series of confidence-

Extracted from *Backstop: A Story of Triumph and Tragedy on the Major League*. Copyright © 1972 by Tony Conigliaro and Joseph L. Taylor. All rights reserved.

Swampscott, Mass. were all around me now. I know they meant well. I know I needed my father around. But everybody was shouting advice to me. I felt I was under a microscope, and all I wanted was privacy to work things out for myself.

I batted against the machines at first, and I must have hit about 300 balls a day. After my first session, Williams walked away with a satisfied look on his face. "You're doing all right," he said. He told the writers, "I have a hunch that Tony is going to have that big, big year in 1968."

Finally I decided it was time to face live pitching. I think Dick Ellsworth was the first pitcher I hit against in camp. He's a big lefthander with good stuff, but, of course, this was early for both of us. He wasn't trying to do much more than get the ball over. I'm also sure he never intended to come anywhere near me. That was another thing I had to face at the start of my comeback—knowing that the pitchers on my club were going to be a little timid with me. Nobody wanted to take the chance of hitting me. I took only five swings and lined one of the pitches over the wall in left. I had quite a crowd behind the cage watching me, and everyone got excited. But I knew it was too early to tell anything. I also knew I wasn't seeing well. The next time I got up I lined one over the fence in right, but I hadn't really picked out the ball. I found I had to concentrate extra hard to follow the ball the second it left the pitcher's hand. Sometime before it got to home plate it would fuzzi up, and I swung at it just before I lost complete sight of it.

I know I wasn't afraid. I'd always crowded the plate, one reason why I've been hit so many times. I started spring training six inches back from my normal spot, but almost immediately I began to inch closer to the plate. I wasn't gunshy. I was wearing a helmet with an ear-flap that covered the area where I'd been hit, so I felt protected enough.

I played in our first home exhibition game. It was against the Athletics, and I hit a double and single as we won 14-4. Four days after that I knocked in a run with a single to help beat the White Sox. I felt confident enough to tell Rico Petrocelli one day, "I think I'm gonna make it back, Rico. I really do."

Then things began to change. Against the Senators I had a really bad game, striking out twice. I know I didn't see



HATLESS BUT HURLING. Cosigliere turned to mound when he felt his hitting days were over.

the ball at all when it got to home plate. A couple of days later I was sitting on the bench next to Hawk Harrelson. I said to him, "Hey, Hawk, do you see that light pole over there by third base?" He said, "Sure. Why?"

"Because," I said, "I can't see the light on top of it."

He gave me the eye and said, "Come on, Tony. You're just feeling down."

It got depressing. Now the pitchers were beginning to make me look really bad. Most of the time they threw the ball right down the middle and I was missing it by a couple of feet. Among other things, I was swinging late. Nobody had to brush me back. I told Rico, "I can't see the ball right. Something's gone wrong with my eye."

Things got worse. We were scheduled to play the Yankees at Winter Haven. During a game of pepper before the start, a ball bounced up and hit me on the shin. Big joke, ha, ha, but I realized that I wasn't able to follow the ball anymore. I immediately had to get away from the game because I'd look like a fool. I knew I was in trouble then.

I hardly slept at all that night, and the next morning my throat felt lousy. I couldn't see taking the bus trip to Orlando for another exhibition game, so I called the ball park, and Don Fitzpatrick,

the clubhouse man, answered the phone. "Fitzy," I said, "I got a real bad sore throat. I don't think I can make the trip today. Is Williams there?"

"Yeah, he's right here," Fitzy said, "Wait a second. I'll tell him." I could hear Fitzy and Williams talking and then Williams' voice rumbling on the other end about my paying more attention to playing ball.

I went insane. I said, "Fitzy, put that louse on the phone. I want to talk to him. I'm going to come down there and kill him, Fitzy. Get him on the phone."

I heard Fitzy say, "Hey, Dick, Tony wants to talk to you." And then I heard Williams say, "I don't want to talk to him. We did it without his butt last year and we'll do it without his butt this year."

I don't think I was ever so mad as anybody in my whole life. The next day I talked with Dick O'Connell, our general manager. "I have to go back to Boston this week for an Army Reserve meeting," I told him. "I'd like to have the eye checked out while I'm back there."

He said fine. I almost felt relieved. Maybe they'd find out what was wrong and maybe they'd give me something to get that dark spot out of the eye.

Back in Boston I went to see Dr. Regan. After extensive morning tests I took a break. "Come on outside," my father said to me in a quiet voice. "I want to show you something." When we were alone in the car he said, "Look, there are reporters all over the place and you're gonna see this sooner or later so you might as well see it now." He showed me a copy of the *Herald Traveler*. The headline read: **DICK DANCIS TONY'S TALE.** The story had been written in Winter Haven and it quoted Williams as saying, "I don't think there is anything the matter with Tony's vision despite what he said when he got to Boston last night." Later on in the story Williams said, "If Tony can't get the job done, well, we'll take it from there. I just might platoon. That's what we did last year and I seem to recall we did fairly well the rest of the season without Tony."

The words ate into my flesh. Oh, I hated Williams at that moment. A real cheap shot. "Now take it easy," my father said. "I just wanted you to see it before you got asked about it. O.K.?"

We left and went back to Dr. Regan's office. His face hadn't changed its expression any since we'd left. He sat my father and me down in his office. "I

don't want to be cruel, and there's no way of telling you this in a nice way," he began, "but it's not safe for you to play ball anymore." He then explained that while I was down in Florida the cyst had burst, leaving a hole in the retina. That's why I suddenly lost the ball and began striking out so much. The vision in the left eye now was 20/300, which meant I was legally blind in that eye. Ironically, had the damage been a millimeter from the center of the eye, I wouldn't have had any trouble picking out the ball. But that wasn't all the bad news. Dr. Regan said that the issue holding the edges of the hole was very weak, and any exercise I did could cause it to separate. I'd have a detached retina, and that would require surgery. I was not to exercise. I couldn't even jog around the block anymore.

That night my lawyer, Joe Tauro, came over to the house and we put together this statement for the newspapers.

There are those that tell me I've had a tough break and I guess I have. But despite it all, I still feel I'm a lucky guy. I've had an opportunity to realize my lifetime ambition to be a big-league ballplayer and to play with the greatest bunch of guys in the world.

Most important, I've been blessed with a wonderful family and great friends who have stuck with me dur-

ing good days and bad. This is one of the bad days, and I can't begin to explain how much it means to me to have the prayers and good wishes of so many good people.

This is what is important to me, and I want all these friends to know that I'm not going to quit and that somehow, some way, there will be good days again.

By Friday, the whole world knew I was through. I wouldn't see anybody. I ate my meals with the family in silence. I watched TV in silence. My parents finally gave up trying to reach me and maybe this helped. When the season began in Boston I told myself, *I'm not going to Fenway Park, I'm not going to Fenway Park*. And I didn't go, except for one day when I was to receive an award from Governor Volpe for courage and sportsmanship.

By June I had accepted the idea that my career as a hitter was over but had a notion, one I'd had for some time, that I could come back as a pitcher. I decided to call Dr. Regan and ask for another examination. I was not as nervous for this one as for any of the previous exams, and I certainly was not as prepared for the result. The sight in my left eye had improved to 20/100.

"How come?" I asked.
"I really can't say," Dr. Regan told

me. "An entire healing process seems to be taking place." Then he said the words I thought I'd never hear again: "I see no reason why you can't begin working out again."

The next morning I was down on the beach running on the sand, and a week later, with the team away, I went out to Fenway where Moe Rosenfield, the bat boy, pitched to me as he had in the last weeks of the '67 pennant race. He threw me curves and sliders and what passed for his fastball, and I hit some good shots. Then he threw me a changeup. I hit it about as well as anybody can hit a baseball. Moe just looked around and watched it sail over the screen in left center. "That ball won't come down in Kenmore Square for days," he said, and we both laughed. It felt good to laugh. It felt good to hit a ball again.

Dick O'Connell and Haywood Sullivan, head of player personnel, had seen me throw at Fenway and told me if I wanted to go to Sarasota and try to make it back as a pitcher it was O.K. with them. So, in November I went to Sarasota, where the Red Sox have a team in the winter Instructional League, composed mostly of kids starting on their way up but also of a few big-leaguers who had problems to work out.

About my eighth day there I pitched batting practice and I also took my turn in the batting cage. The first time a pitch came waist-high right down the middle. I didn't swing. I just wanted to see what the ball looked like. It looked clear and I could see the spin on it.

I dug in now and realized that I had a shot at hitting the ball. The first pitch I swung at I hit on a line over the second baseman's head. I think everybody's eyes opened up a little bit—including mine. I hit a few more shots like that, fairly hard but with no power. I realized, however, that this was the first time I had hit in months, and I felt that in time I could get my whole swing back. I didn't want to show the excitement I felt. I knew this guy was only throwing the ball at three-quarter speed. I knew what was coming and I still told myself I was going to be a pitcher.

Billy Gardner, manager of the team, came running up to me and said, "You really hit a couple." I looked him down and reminded him that I was there to pitch. "O.K., keep pitching," he said, "but do me a favor, will you, and take batting practice every day."



DETERMINED BUT DUCKING, CONIGLIARO DID NOT FROTHEN IN SPRING COMEBACK

Every day I hit the ball a little bit better than the day before, seeing it better—but I didn't tell a soul. I still wasn't convinced that I could hit game pitching. On the fourth day I was encouraged enough to call for a few curveballs. I hit the first one. And I hit the next. And the one after that. Harder and harder, and then I sent two balls over the left center-field fence. They were the most beautiful sights in the world.

After practice Gardner called me into his office and told me he wanted me to give up pitching and try to make it back as an outfielder. I told him I needed more time. Two days later I pitched in my first game, three innings. I was in the right frame of mind, my arm felt good. I was all keyed up. I retired the first eight men in a row and had two strikes on the next guy with no balls when I wound up walking him. Now I had to pitch from a stretch, something I hadn't worked on very much. It was very uncomfortable and I walked the next man, too. My first pitch to the

next batter was a curveball, and he hit it to the shortstop. Only there was no shortstop. He had run over to cover second base and the ball went into left field. By the time the leftfielder came up with the ball the guy who hit it was on third base and there were two runs in. The next guy got a broken-bat single, so I wound up giving three unearned runs in my first game and we lost 3-0.

Billy Gardner had me leading off the batting order because he wanted to get a good look at me. I walked on a 3-and-2 pitch that was a slider about three inches off the corner. I found out later that this impressed people, the fact that I could judge it as being outside for a ball. My second time up I hit a solid line drive right at the shortstop.

The next day Sam Mele, the scout, told me I could continue working on my pitching if I wanted to, but the front office had told him they wanted me to work on my hitting and outfielding, too. "Personally, I think you should give up pitching," he said, "but that's up to

you." I told Sam I had no intention of giving up pitching. I must have been fooling. My arm felt as though it were in a cast. I couldn't bend it; it was swollen and I guess I had torn a muscle up around the shoulder area. I tried to pitch in St. Pete four days later, and I lost by two touchdowns and a field goal. That wasn't my last game as a pitcher, but maybe it should have been. I pitched against St. Louis at St. Pete and worked six innings and gave up three runs. I lost that one, too, so now I was 0 and 3. My arm felt terrible and what made it worse were those line drives that went shooting past my ear. I decided pitching might be more dangerous than bating.

In a game at Duncedin against Detroit, Dick O'Connell and Dick Williams were in the stands when I hit a double off the fence in left center and a hard ground ball up the middle. I ran off the field with a feeling of new life. As I passed Gardner I said, "Belly, you were right. I'm gonna make it back."

Back home after the Instructional

continued

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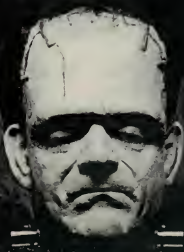
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CHASE MANHATTAN



Fluorescent lights used to make everyone look terrible.

On an autumn evening in 1939, thousands of housewives turned on the first fluorescent lights.

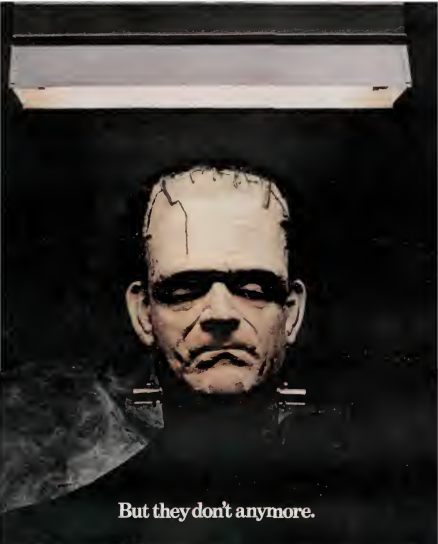
That same evening, fluorescent lights turned off thousands of housewives.

The new lights were twice as bright as lightbulbs and could last longer on less electricity. However, they had a

glaring disadvantage: They made everything look funny.

Filet mignon looked embalmed. Colors changed color. And even the loveliest of women turned an unlovely shade of blue.

Ever since that night, lightbulb makers have been trying to take the ugliness out of fluorescent lighting.



But they don't anymore.

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Finally, one of them did it. Our very own Sylvania company, we're proud to point out.

They came up with a lamp that has all the advantages of a fluorescent—plus the warm friendly glow of a good old lightbulb.

It's called the Incandescent/Fluorescent. And it's the

nearest thing yet to a flittering fluorescent.

In the modest words of a Sylvania engineer who worked on it, "It may or may not make people look better. But at least it won't make them look worse."

General Telephone & Electronics

COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEMS DIVISION



The odds are 400 to 1 you'll go to the wrong place next time you need a muffler.

Cars don't need mufflers very often.

So, when yours does, you'll probably stop in at the first place that has a muffler sign in front.

Which puts us at a disadvantage.

At last count, there were 211,474 gas stations in the United States. Right now, there are only 564 Midas Shops.

With odds like that against us, the only way we can get your business is to do a better job.

Here's how we go about it.

We give you a guarantee.

Since a gas station's business doesn't depend on mufflers, many of them don't guarantee mufflers.

Our business does depend on mufflers, so every Midas shop in the country offers this guarantee:

If anything goes wrong with a Midas muffler we install, we'll replace it for just a service charge.

This guarantee is good on any car made in America, and it's good as long as you own the car.

We don't waste your time.

Gas stations pump gas, change oil, clean windshields and do all sorts of things that take time away from replacing your muffler. So you'll probably have to do without your car for a whole day.

At Midas, mufflers are the biggest part of our business. So we're geared to replace a muffler in 30 minutes. Or less.

Waiting any longer is a waste of time.

We'll get the job done.

Since gas stations don't specialize in exhaust systems, they may not have the muffler you need.

Or the pipe you need.

Or the people to handle the job if it gets complicated. Any of these conditions can make getting your muffler replaced very frustrating.

That's why we thought someone should specialize in exhaust systems in the first place.

As a result of our specializing, we make mufflers and pipes for 1,770 car models.

Finally, our people are trained exhaust system mechanics. They're the best in the business at what they do.

What's the charge?

You probably think we charge more.

The fact is, we charge less than most gas stations.

A few here and there may charge a little less than we do. But you can find out for yourself.

Next time you need a muffler, look us up in the Yellow Pages.

Get our price.

Then check the gas stations.

All we ask is that you keep in mind 1) the time we save you, 2) the guarantee we give you and 3) that we don't charge for installation.

If you do, we think we have a good chance of cutting down the odds against us.

We hope so.

Our business depends on it.

Midas®

We install mufflers for a living.
We have to do a better job.

League season I paid another visit to Dr. Regan. After a short while I realized that something funny was going on. I knew I wasn't supposed to see some of the things I was seeing, and I just sat there with goose pimples growing on my back. I read a 20 30 on the eye chart and didn't believe it, then the 20 20 line. That meant, miraculously, my vision was almost perfect. Tears came into my eyes and I thought how happy this would make my father.

"You're an amazing young man," Dr. Regan said, "and someone must have been saying a lot of prayers for you."

"Why?" I asked.

"I can't explain it," he said, "but that large hole you had in your eye is gone—except for a small piece of scar tissue." He then tried to explain to me what he thought had happened to the eye since my last visit. The once sharp and raised edges of tissue along the inner rim of the hole in the macula had sealed down smoothly along the back wall of the eye. The only evidence that I had been injured was a small pigmentation, a sort of pinking, that most doctors would assume I had been born with. There was almost no scar tissue to be seen. All of this they regarded as remarkable and never could have predicted. Most of my depth of field had returned, and with both eyes opened, giving me what they call binocular vision, there was no real disorientation. The blind spot had gone and the hole was filled with viscous fluid. To me it all said one word: miracle.

When I left Dr. Regan's office I felt like screaming at the top of my lungs, telling the whole world I could see again.

In January I received my contract from the Red Sox. They had come through again. With my being on the disabled list they could have cut me a full 15', but they only cut me 10. I was in my bargaining position, really, and I could have signed a contract if all it called for was a ham sandwich. As I wrote, my father looked over my shoulder and said, "Who the hell would have ever thought you'd be putting your name down on that beautiful piece of paper again?" I looked at my youngest brother Richie, whose eyes were bugging out, and said, "Not bad for an old man of 24, hey?"

At first, in spring training, I didn't hit well and I struck out more often than I liked to. With time I began making better contact and getting my share

of hits. But I hadn't hit a home run yet, and that bothered me. I wanted to hit a homer as a sign for myself, and everybody else, that I was back. After what seemed like ages I finally hit one—and it was against a heavy wind blowing in from left field. That morning Hawk Harrelson had remarked there'd be no home runs that day. But in the third inning, when Mel Queen pitched me a fastball, I made solid contact and the ball sailed toward left. As I ran toward first base I said to myself, *Go, go, get the hell out of here.* It did. Home runs always thrill me, but this baby excited my insides.

We opened the season in Baltimore. We had taken batting practice, and all of a sudden the batting cage came down, the ground crew came out to sweep the infield, the umpires came out, they played *The Star-Spangled Banner* and we had a ball game. Reggie Smith led off with a walk, Mike Andrews singled and Carl Yastrzemski doubled to right field, scoring Smith. Harrelson then popped up. As I left the on-deck circle there was a small ripple of applause that seemed to build into a giant wave by the time I stepped into the batter's box. I was glad then that I hadn't eaten breakfast. As Dave McNally started to pitch, I told myself to be quick with my hands and do something to thank these people. He got two strikes on me. I fouled the next couple of pitches off, and then McNally gave me that slider I'd been dreaming about and I swung and missed for strike three. I came back to the bench disgusted but realized how nervous I had been.

In the Orioles' half of the first inning Paul Blair hit a deep fly to right-center field that Smith and I closed in on. It was Reggie's ball, but suddenly he shouted, "I can't see it." "I've got it," I shouted back and made the catch. Just having the ball slam in my glove got rid of what was left of my butterflies.

My next time up I walked on a close 3-2 pitch, but I knew ball 4 was just outside. By the fifth inning we were leading 2-1 and Dave Leonhard was pitching for them. I had a 2-2 count and decided to just meet the ball. Leonhard gave me a fastball and I met it good, smacking it on the nose over second into center field for my first hit in a big-league ball game in a long time. The Orioles tied the game in the eighth at 2-2 and went into extra innings.

Pete Richert, a lefthander, was pitching in the 10th. Harrelson led off and



CHEERED AT FENWAY, Tony takes from dugout for first home game since beating

reached first on an error. I got the bum sign and missed on my first try. Richert then threw me a high fastball and I swung and missed for strike 2. *Settle down,* I told myself. *Be quick but notumpy.* He gave me a waste pitch for ball 1, then just missed with a slider on the inside. I hit Richert's next pitch about as hard and as well as I've ever hit a ball in my life, sending it over the left-field fence for a home run.

My God, I did it. I really did it. I ran around the bases as though I were floating. I was jumping like a little boy. In the third-base box Eddie Popowski was jumping and yelling, "Hey, Tony! Hey, Tony!" All I could yell out was, "Oh, Pop! Oh Pop!" When I crossed home plate Boomer Scott was standing there with his hands out and duking me. "What do you think of that, Boomer," I said, "What do you think of that?" At the dugout the guys were all reaching for me at one time. Reggie and Rico, Yaz and everybody. They were pounding my back and I was being hugged to death. Then Dick Williams came over and kissed me on the cheek.

At that moment I could have bit him in the neck.

END

PEOPLE

Jersey Joe Walcott made a speech and answered questions in Reno, and among his questioners was Coach **Tony Prothro** of UCLA.

Prothro: It seems to me, Joe, that there aren't as many good fighters as there used to be in your day. Why is that?

Walcott: In the past I don't think there was anything that compared with boxing for people with limited opportunities. In most cases a minority felt who entered boxing was reaching for some measure of success. It was the only thing he could turn to. But now people like you have made the opportunities so plentiful for the minority athlete that it has put a restriction on boxing. That's a great thing, but it has hurt boxing—hurt it in a good way, maybe.

◆ The 79-year-old ex-President of France set such an extraordinary pace in his tour of Spain (where he visited General Franco) that journalists kept stopwatches on him. They were so impressed by the brief time he spent in tourist shrines that they called his journey "the rallye of Charles de Gaulle." After his first 126 hours in Spain their rec-

ord read, "Five days, 3,000 kilometers and only one hour for tourism!" The general's finest achievement came when he zoomed through the immense Cathedral of Santiago de Compostela in 15 minutes—"a feat never equalled," wrote one admirer, "in the millennium-long pilgrim history. . . . The rallye of Charles de Gaulle over Spanish routes will be forever engraved in any biography of the general as the greatest sporting feat of his prolific and agitated life."

◆ Princess Caroline, 13-year-old daughter of Rainier and Grace of Monaco, has been taking the course in animal training offered at Monaco's zoological gardens. "Beginners' instruction," says Trainer Fredri Hager, "consists first of getting the animal into the habit of having a human being around." Clearly, Caroline and the 8-month-old lion Elsar are ready for step No. 2.

Wilt Chamberlain is taking on the companies that produce Gatorade, Sportade and other fluids with an energy drink his attorney says Wilt "whipped up himself." Obviously, Wilt has a well-stocked kitchen, for his lawyer, Sy Goldberg, describes the mixture as "grape-lemon in flavor and grape in color. . . a lightly colored, isotonic drink, with glucose, salts and other ingredients that is assimilated into the bloodstream seven times faster than the same amount of water." It will be distributed under the trade name of Wilt's—which is a great name, of course, so baseball fans, but one that may not instantly suggest pep to non-believers.

In 1961 **Horace Stoneham** built, in Arizona, a thing he called Francisco Grande, comprising a hotel, baseball-training complex, golf course and restaurant. **Pat Boone**, the singer, planned



a nearby housing development to flourish with the expected success of Francisco Grande. But Francisco Grande never did much. Boone called off the housing project, and the deal seemed to be dragging—until copper was found on Francisco Grande land. The latest stockholders' report of the San Francisco Grands says smugly that their recreation property "holds great promise, inasmuch as important copper finds in the area will result in a substantial demand for housing and other facilities." A nearby landowner sold 300 of his acres for 2½ times what he paid for them.

Congressman **Richard McCarthy** (D, N.Y.), in the course of his campaign for the Senate, has already found it necessary to scuba-div into the waters around Manhattan, and to fly above Central Park in a balloon "to dramatize the problems of environmental pollution." But he was balked when he tried urban spelunking. Questioning a request for a rate increase by the New York Telephone Company, the statesman proposed that he crawl under the streets and examine the underground

wires and workings of the corporation to dramatize—well, the possibility of telephone pollution. New York Telephone turned him down, saying that such a visit would be "in violation of the company's security and safety regulations."

"I'm dying a slow death," **Ken Harrelson** explained as he threw away the cast he has worn on his right leg since he broke it in spring training. "I'd have hit 40 home runs if this thing hadn't happened." Now limited to hobbling around Boston looking after his business interests—he has bought into a restaurant on a pier in East Boston and opened a chain of clothing stores with the Red Sox's **Mike Andrews**—Harrelson expects to be back in the Cleveland lineup by the end of July. "I think I'll be able to hit 15 home runs in the time I have left," he says.

Tommy Holmes' batting average dropped to .204, which made him conspicuous among Cincinnati Red sluggers, whose team average hovers around .275. When the Reds began a series in Philadelphia he heard that **Johnny Callison**, in a similar bend, consulted a respectable local witch, who cast a few spells after which Callison drove in 100 runs. Holmes decided to give it a try. With occult assistance his average rose moderately to .210. "Don't say anything about it," he said. "People will think I'm some kind of a nut."

New former Detective **Back Johnny Sample** has revealed that he, too, is going to bring out a dirty book, called *Confessions of a Dirty Ballplayer*. At a press conference in Washington he admitted that his opus, like **Jim Bouton's** *Ball Four*, will contain potshots at several eminent sports figures. "A lot of people do get it in my book," he said, "but mostly, it's me."





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(Average of 35% more mileage by independent test. Based on 100,000 miles.)

Doc and George bloom late

The competition between Howard Rodney (Doc) Edwards, 32, of Philadelphia and noted humorist George Thomas, 32, of Boston for *Player-Conch* of the Year probably came to an end last week, as Thomas sat out a couple of games and Edwards began to give way in the late innings to the Phillies' recuperating third-string catcher. But it was fun while it lasted.

Both Edwards, who admits that he has been called "the All-America Out," and Thomas, of whom Dick Williams once said, "George, you're just as funny on the field as you are off it," were activated out of bullpen coaching duties earlier this month—Edwards to catch, Thomas to fill in at third and elsewhere—when injuries and the military exhausted their teams' more conventional resources. Each of the veteran journeymen got several quick hits before the pitchers caught up, and each gave off a rich mellow glow in the brief limelight.

Not that all was rosy. It was Edwards' throwing error that enabled Tony Perez to score after Johnny Bench struck out on a bad pitch. "I didn't see Bench throw the bat at the ball," Edwards explained, "so when the ball rolled away from me the first thing I did was look at Perez on third. Then I said, 'Where the hell did Bench go?' I saw him digging for first and I just threw it away."

But it was also Edwards who caught all 13 innings of a 2-1 victory over Houston and drove in the winning run, and who, in a 2-1 defeat of the Braves, drove in both Phillie runs and snuffed out a ninth-inning Atlanta rally by picking pinch-runner Sonny Jackson off first. "A blind squirrel," winked the native of Red Jacket, V. Va., "gets an acorn from time to time."

Edwards is a country-music fan who sings things on the team bus like "I got the frangeries for your love," and who once qualified to ride Charlie Finley's mule in Kansas City. "He didn't have a blanket," said Edwards of the mule. "All he had on him was a satin cloth. And that wasn't cinched down. Well, a

mule has no gait. The satin cloth started slipping so I grabbed him around the neck. I slipped off and his forelegs nearly beat me to death. I got a standing ovation. That made two standing ovations in my career. The other was when I fell down going to the plate with my gear in Minnesota. I believe when you leave the dugout you ought to leave it running and hustling. Well, I tripped and fell across home plate."

Thomas, a former bonus baby, has played every position except pitcher in 14 years with eight clubs in the majors and minors, but he was as surprised as Edwards at being inserted into the regular lineup. "I didn't think I'd be activated," he said. "I sort of thought I'd be released." He wasn't, and when the call came he was ready. For his first start—in Minnesota, his home state, where a couple of years ago he fell down and dislocated a finger while trying to catch a routine fly ball—Thomas had 14 of his family and friends on hand to see him collect three hits.

And his activation prompted a review of his career in comic relief. "When I played in Birmingham," Thomas recalled, "I used to be tight as a drum. Finally my manager told me that if I didn't relax I'd probably have a nervous breakdown. I gave that some serious thought. It was then that I started the wisecracks." Once in Louisville, when he broke an 0-for-20 slump, he stopped the game and demanded to be presented with the ball. When he roomed with the smallish Dick (Ducky) Schofield last year, he would call to the team's traveling secretary on the road, "Hey, did you tell the room clerk to make up the crib for Ducky?" Once, in the spring, when former teammate Joe Foy prepared to round third base against the Sox, Foy discovered that Thomas had removed it. Now Thomas sits in the back of the Red Sox bus and conducts a make-believe news broadcast in the manner of Walter Winchell. "Da-da-da-da," he goes in imitation of a telegraph, "Rome. Rico Petrocchi, the famous baseball

player, arrived here today to date Gina Lollobrigida." Thomas is so adept at keeping the suffering Bostonians loose that Sox Owner Tom Yawkey, it is said, will always have a job for him.

Edwards, too, would seem to be of lasting value beyond his playing skills. Teammate Dick Selma pays tribute to Edwards' ability to work with young pitchers: "Hell, in Buffalo he made a pitcher out of me." Doc has varicose veins, fallen arches and disfigured knuckles to show for his 13 professional years behind the plate, but he says, "If I wasn't playing ball somewhere, I'd be behind a mule. Or maybe in the mines. All my ancestors worked in the mines. Go four or five miles under the earth, a 6' 2" man hunching over in four feet of coal. Worry about the black lung or walking hunchbacked. It is not a real rewarding life at all."

Certainly there are not many sudden moments of glory down there.

THE WEEK

AL EAST BALTIMORE improved its record for June to a still-steady 10-8 with four straight wins over the Senators. Practical joker Moe Drabowsky, rejoining the Orioles after service with the Royals, opened his locker to find a white groundskeeper's suit, a yellow raincoat, rakes, shovels and brooms. Brooks Robinson got his 2,000th hit, new york, 14-3 this month, was led by Mel Scott's third and fourth straight complete-game wins. DETROIT won when Ken Sookkewicz, a new shortstop batting .150, hit a three-run homer and again when Cesar Gutierrez, the established shortstop, hitting .218, tied Wilbert Robinson's 1892 major league record for consecutive hits in one game by going 7 for 7. BOSTON followed up the George Thoman experiment (above) by switching George Scott from first to third and Carl Yastrzemski from left to first and inserting Billy Conigliaro in left. Suddenly CLEVELAND was out of the basement and into a seven-game win streak. Sam McDowell, after winning his ninth, called his receiver, 23-year-old Ray Fosse, "the best catcher in the league without a doubt," and the Indians' "Kiddie Korps" of Jack Heidemann at short, Eddie Leon at second and Graig Nettles at third (average age 23) was making stunning plays all day. Darold Knowles spun five innings of hitless relief for WASHINGTON but lost on a just-fair double and

a broken-bat single off the shortstop's glove. Knowles is now 1-5 with an ERA of 1.51. "This is getting old and I'm sick and tired of it," he said.

BALT 43-23 NY 40-36 DET 30-26
BOST 30-32 CLEV 30-34 WASH 30-27

AL WEST MONSIEUR had its second straight sub-par week, and last year's 20-game winner Dave Boswell said his ambition was to pitch in the dark. In evening games Boswell has been failing to outlast the twilight CALIFORNIA jagged and Alex Johnson lost his temper spectacularly. Johnson argued a Bill Kunkel strike call loud and long, then slashed a run-scoring single. After touching first, he headed back toward the plate berating Kunkel. When Angels' Manager Lefty Phillips attempted to deflect his 210-pound slugger, Johnson charged First Base Umpire Bill Haller. Then he turned his wrath upon Third Base Umpire Ed Runge and bounced his batting helmet off Phillips' ankle. Ejected from the game, Johnson heaved a lead-weighted bat from the dugout onto the field, barely missing the Angel bat boy. For CASKIANS, old song-and-dance man Jimi (Mudcat) Grant continued to be sensational in relief, improving his record to 1-0 with a 1.02 ERA. CHICAGO enjoyed its longest winning streak in a month: two. Gerry Janeski, the only White Sox starter over .500, won the second game with the help of his own hitting, driving in three runs although "I swing the bat like your Aunt Alice. Frankly, it's embarrassing—a biggy like me with a dumb little stroke." "Charlie Metro had a lot of 70 ways to lose ball games," said Bob Lemon, Metro's successor as KANSAS CITY manager. "We went through that list and now we've started over." The MILWAUKEE BREWERS said the reason they were 7,000 fans behind their ancestors, the Seattle Pilots, for the season to date was that their late enfranchisement gave them a late start on group ticket sales. "It requires time," said a spokesman, "to get the idea across and then for the organization to vote on it and set up the bus and so forth."

MINN 30-31 CAL 37-27 OAK 37-30
KC 20-40 CHI 24-42 MIL 31-43

NL EAST For CINCINNATI, Ferguson Jenkins won his fourth and fifth in a row, including a 6-0 shutout, and said, "It's coming back to me now. I hope I don't lose it again." NEW YORK's sore-shouldered Jerry Koosman, in his first start since May 22, pitched well enough to win but, as has happened many a time before, the Mets didn't hit for him and he lost 2-1. PITTSBURGH rookie Jim Nelson won his first major league start, got his second big-league hit in his second at bat but then was retired twice. "The only thing I didn't like about this game was my batting average dropped to .500," he said. The Pirates had

two chronic neck injuries, one eye infection, a sore thumb and throwing arm, a sore heel and a sidelined Mazonoski, and Manager Danny Munghoff said, "We've got to start showing our teeth." ST. LOUIS beat the Cubs in 17 innings after Red Schoendienst gave the Cards a rare pep talk. "I told them about my friend Harry James," said Schoendienst. "I used him as an example of a perfectionist and a hard worker because Harry told me he practiced with his trumpet one hour each day whether on vacation or not." Jim Bunning of PITTSBURGH told what it was like to be knocked out of the box by the Mets after two were out in the first. "You keep thinking, one more pitch and you're out of the inning. One more pitch, one more pitch. But you never make that pitch." MONTEAL Manager Gene Mauch, having watched his fielders jump out of the ball's path because of the Canadian summer's top-of-the-first-inning glare, said, "Before I hand in my lineup card for this week's games there will be an agreement that if it's a bright, sunny evening we begin only after the sun sets behind the left-field bleachers."

CHI 30-27 NY 32-31 PIT 33-34
ST. L 34-32 PHIL 30-34 MONT 24-40

NL WEST For one inning, after hitting his 21st, 22nd and 23rd home runs in successive games, Johnny Bench of CINCINNATI was tied with teammate Tony Perez for the league home-run title. Then Perez hit another one. Sunday Bench tied him again. ATLANTA won five of seven, including Larry Jaster's first victory as a Brave. Jaster took the opportunity to knock Gene Mauch for not giving him "a fair chance" last year with the Expos. The next night in Montreal Jaster was roundly booed, and with the Braves leading 7-5 he gave up a walk to load the bases, another walk to force in a run, and then a grand-slam homer. "We felt Jaster should have his chance," said Mauch. "He got it." For LOS ANGELES, Bill Singer pitched five good innings against the Reds in his second start since hepatitis hit him. "I was happy," said Singer. "My breaking ball broke whereas last time it didn't." A press notice suggesting that the impact of SAN FRANCISCO Catcher Dick Dietz's fine hitting was to a considerable extent offset by the plentitude of his passed balls elicited tributes to Dietz's defensive work from Giant pitchers. SANCHEZ left the cellar for the first time in eight weeks. HOT STOVE outfielder Norm Miller, in the midst of his best year personally, said, "I got a hit in the ninth and then stole second, and I'm the tying run. But suddenly the game is over. I was glad for what I had done, but in the clubhouse it was just . . . You know, we'd lost the game and so there wasn't anything there."

CINN 47-30 ATL 30-28 LA 37-30
SF 31-35 SD 30-41 HOUS 36-40



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Fine till the nerves go 'Ding'

Four wins in a row were enough to show that Shirley Englehorn—limpy ankle, wobbly putter and all—can rival the best on the ladies' tour



Shirley Englehorn had never encountered such pressure, not even the time last winter when she tried singlehanded to liberate the lady golf professionals. That happened at Los Coyotes in Buena Park, Calif., where some promoters matched Shirley against Billy Casper in what they called a golf-

ing battle of the sexes. Casper shot a rather casual 70, while Shirley struggled to a 79. "Forget liberation if it means playing against the men," Shirley said later.

The confrontation with Casper was only a mild psychological trauma, though, compared to the terror that

sent Shirley and her nerves into "Ding-Dingville" last week. The previous Monday Miss Englehorn had won her fourth straight tournament, beating Kathy Whitworth in a playoff for the Ladies PGA championship, and now she was trying for a record fifth-consecutive tour title in the George Washington Classic at Horsham, Pa., outside Philadelphia. "I see it as my chance of a lifetime," Shirley said, taking off her glasses (she is very nearsighted) and rubbing her eyes.

The pressure set in two nights before the tournament. Shirley was in her motel room, watching a Joan Crawford rerun and massaging her sore left shoulder with what she thought was Absorbine. Suddenly she leaped from the bed. Her left shoulder and left arm were black. "I realized," she said, "that I was using shoe polish to massage my arm. Ding-a-ling."

Then she began dropping things. Everything she picked up she dropped. In the morning she scattered golf balls all over the club parking lot. On the course she left a trail of pencils, tees, scorecards, gloves and ball markers. "And I'll bet that I've had to change my dinner clothes at least once a night because I've spilled something on them," she said. "At least she's wearing her success well," another player noted.

Another problem was her time-consuming autograph sessions. Shirley Englehorn is a long name to write. "Some girls can go zip-zip and that's that," Shirley said. "Not me." Her signature began to look like Early Shenglehorn. In the middle of these difficulties Sears, Roebuck remembered that Shirley is their female golf adviser and the company wanted to set up some quick promotional films. So, all things considered, it was not very likely that Shirley would break the four-straight LPGA record held by Mackay Wright and Kathy Whitworth, and though she did play sub-par golf and finish sixth in the George Washington event, her 216 was four strokes behind winner Judy Rankin. The true wonder, in fact, was that Shirley Englehorn, at 29, could have come so close to setting such a record.

Shirley grew up in Caldwell, Idaho, which is not exactly a sunshine-the-year-round golfing capital. Her family lived beside the 3rd hole of the municipal course, and Shirley started to play the hole when she was 7 years old. "I would sit on a bank and watch until the hole

continued

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Lee is wearing the new Lee Trevino Sportswear

was empty, then run out and play it," she remembers. Before too long she was going around the whole course, and by the time she graduated from high school she was ready to join the tour, which she did soon thereafter. The older pro remembers her in those days as a youngster with a strong long-run game but an inconsistent putter. "In such conversations 'inconsistent' means lousy."

"I used to see the whites of my knuckles when I putted, that's how horrible I was and at times I am still that bad," Shirley says. "I've got quite a selection of putters—at least 30 of them—that I've used, none with very great efficiency." Still, she always was looked upon as a potential winner.

Accidents stalled the potential. In 1960 she fell off a horse and fractured six vertebrae. "I couldn't swing comfortably for a long time," she says. And then in 1965 she had an even more serious injury. "Sandra Palmer and I were going from San Diego to Texas," she recalls. "We were about 80 miles outside Tucson, and I was driving. Suddenly the car was like a surfboard. It was flying downhill and veering left. I couldn't do anything about it. I tore into a guardrail and knocked down eight posts. I had to pay \$8 for each one. The engine smashed into my left heel, and I had compound fractures of my heel and ankle. It was a nightmare."

Half a year passed before she could rejoin the tour and when she did her ankle still bothered her. In 1967 and again in 1968 she underwent surgery to remove screws from the damaged bones. "The tips of the screws had broken through to the sciatic nerve," she says. "I could barely walk." She continues to have problems with the ankle.

Arnold Palmer has his bad hip, Billy Casper has his allergies, Shirley Englehorn has "ankle lock." "I feel like Silky Sullivan or Mr. Ed at times," she says. "The ankle actually locks. My foot feels as though it is in a stirrup. I can't even flex it. The scar tissue gets all tight, and my foot is practically useless." When this happens, she either receives treatment from Anne Amurich, a touring pro who is also a licensed physiotherapist, or goes to a hospital for an injection of a lubricating drug.

In spite of this, Shirley managed to win an occasional tournament and always made more than enough money to live comfortably: \$13,790 in 1967,

\$16,285 in 1968, \$24,832 in 1969. "We all knew that it was the ankle that kept her from being probably the best player out here," says Jan Ferraris, a young pro on the tour. "What she has done the last month is understandable, though it is amazing she has been able to play so well for such a long period. That ankle is bad."

Miss Englehorn started her streak in St. Louis, winning there by two shots. She vacationed a week, then won at Winchester, Va., when she made a 30-foot birdie putt on the 1st hole of a playoff to beat Margee Masters. At the Lady Carling in Baltimore she outlasted a home-town favorite, Carol Mann, and then at the Ladies PGA at Sutton, Mass., she braved the last hole to force a playoff that she won from Kathy Whitworth. During this tournament she had to be taken to the hospital for one of her almost routine emergency ankle treatments.

It was also in the PGA that Shirley flashed a little of the competitive fire that has made her a winner. Aware that Kathy Whitworth is an unusually fast golfer who tends to get bored when play drags, Shirley decided on playoff day to have "the slowest-paced round of my life." She walked to greens to determine pin placements. She lined up putts from all angles. She did everything possible to slow the tempo to the pace she wanted—and she won by four strokes.

The LPGA championship victory raised Shirley Englehorn's 1970 winnings to \$15,000 and placed her among the tour's affluent competitors. If she could finish the year as leading money-winner, and pick up another victory or two, she could give the LPGA tour the kind of attraction it badly needs, and she is well aware of this possibility.

In certain ways she now pictures, in dreams of—herself as an Arnold Palmer of the ladies' tour. "Palmer came along in his late 20s and early 30s and won all those tournaments," she says, "and that made golf what it is today. Well, the ladies' tour needs an Arnold Palmer, and I'd like to be it. We need someone to step up there, charge away and win. That brings the gallery. People want to identify with a consistent winner. I'm ready."

But don't win too often, Shirley. If you do, the liberation movement might set up another match for you with Billy Casper.

END



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Buggymaster of the roaring dunes

Bruce Meyers, builder of the Manx, is the patron saint of dune buggying and nowadays a prosperous though reluctant capitalist, nostalgic for the days when he could dune it up without money managers to kick his tires

Huddled beside the San Diego Free-way on the hazy bottomlands of Orange County, the low stupeo factory is representative of thousands of small industrial enterprises that form the backbone of Southern California's plastic, transistorized economy. Inside, the owner is restless. He strides the carpeted floor of his control office with a gate-legged shuffle, favoring his left foot, which was nearly shorn off in a racing crash two years ago. Bruce Meyers, boss of B. I. Meyers & Company and patron saint of the booming world of dune buggies, dreams of simpler days when life involved no more than surfing, strumming his ukulele on the nearby beaches or thrashing across the wastelands of Baja California in a state of purposeless exuberance. "I'm an artist, not a businessman," he protests. "I'm interested in concepts. That's why I built the dune buggy in the first place. It was a fresh concept in automobiles, and it was a tremendously satisfying thing to do. I built the damn thing in a one-stall, corrugated metal garage in an alley in Newport Beach. Just for myself. Then everybody wanted them, and the next thing I know I'm surrounded by money guys and managers all telling me what to do, all bugging me. When I started making money I didn't know what to do with it. It used to be just a lot of fun, and now I've got management counselors and I'm driving a leased Buick Riviera. Me, Bruce Meyers, driving a Buick Riviera, for God's sake!"

A sometime deckhand, commercial artist, South Seas vagabond and boat-builder, Meyers has spent most of his 43 years doing things he himself thought were important, things that most of his earnest fellow citizens would view as unvarnished hedonism. Before he reluctantly cast off into the mainstream of commerce with his dune-buggy business, he spent 2½ years living in a one-room shack in Newport Beach building a 42-foot catamaran. His friends were

a zany collection of sailors, cannery workers, showgirls, albatross divers and commercial fishermen who hung around the Newport Beach docks in a reasonable facsimile of the life portrayed in John Steinbeck's *Cannery Row*. When the boat was sold, Meyers began to look for other things to make. This was in the early 1960s, when the peculiar California sport of dune buggying was beginning to blossom.

Nature left immense accumulations of sand spread around the state, all the way from Pismo Beach, south of San Luis Obispo, to the vast, furnace-burned sand hills of Glamis, near Yuma, Ariz., making them irresistible attractions for a new breed of auto enthusiasts. As it happened, Volkswagens were beautiful in the sand. Their modest poundage, coupled with excellent rear-engine traction, permitted them to traverse the dunes in street trim, and when fitted with wide tires they were extraordinarily nimbly. Suddenly the dunes were covered with modified beetles, rushing around in a wild dance called rat racing—a game of follow-the-leader up and down steep slopes of sand. One weekend Bruce Meyers attended the rat race at Pismo and got turned on about dune buggies.

This prompted Meyers to mold "OF Red," the first Meyers Manx—a name that has come to stand for the ultimate in duning. "I tried to keep it simple," Meyers says. "Simplicity, that's the hardest thing to inject into any design." OF Red was a stressed plastic tub fitted with a VW engine, axles and wheels, and was as tough as a jeep, as maneuverable as a motorcycle. It had the kind of straightforward lines that turned it into an overnight sensation. Orders poured in, and Meyers molded 12 more before he discovered that his price tag of \$985 was costing him money. This prompted a brilliant modification that launched the Meyers Manx into national prominence. By sawing 14½ inches out of the floor pan of a stock Volkswagen and by bol-

ting on a lighter Fiberglas Manx body he was able to cut costs and sell a complete kit for \$535. All the purchaser had to do was find a wrecked VW, spend a few hours with wrench and screwdriver and he had himself a car that was the embodiment of spent and functionalism.

But Bruce Meyers hadn't built OF Red just to establish a business. More important was the satisfaction of fabricating something with his own hands and then using it. OF Red's turf was the inner desolation of Baja California.

For years Baja had been the casual playground of California's bolder cross-country motorcycle riders. A favorite trip was the 832 ridged and rutted miles between Ensenada and La Paz, one of the most hostile, barren areas in the Northern Hemisphere. The well-known stunt rider and bike racer Bud Ekins held an informal record of 39 hours between the two points, and it was considered impossible for a four-wheeled vehicle to equal this time. Then Meyers



and an old surfing buddy and fellow dune-buggy enthusiast, Ted Mangels, made the run in Ol' Red, chopping over four hours off the bike rider's time. Suddenly the Baja desert was covered with the dust plumes of other contestants. After that came NORRA (the National Off-Road Racing Association) and the first Baja 1,000. This bash attracted hundreds of dune buggies, four-wheel-drive vehicles, modified trucks and passenger cars, plus a mob of hard-eyed bike riders intent on proving that two-wheel desert transport is unbeatable. This they failed to do. Mangels, teamed with another desert expert, Vic Wilson, won first overall in a Manx, chopping the record to 27 hours.

While Ol' Red was placed in the elaborate Briggs Cunningham Automotive Museum at Costa Mesa, Calif. as an example of an extraordinary design concept, Meyers and Shirley, his tall, vivacious, blonde wife of that particular moment, created B. F. Meyers & Company, moved into larger quarters and began building Manx kits by the hundreds. (Meyers and Shirley have since divorced, and he has married Janet, a sweet 20-year-old, although Shirley remains deeply involved in the business, and a close friend. Meyers has been married five times—"Do we have to count the one that was annulled after six months?"—and manages to carry on a pleasant relationship with most of

his ex-wives and a quantity of progeny.)

Business boomed. Thousands of Manx kits were crated up and sent across the country. They are being used at present in the jungles of Africa on safari duty, in the Australian outback and in the Andes for construction projects. There is even talk that the Israeli army will employ Manxes as scout vehicles.

Although the Manx was protected by several patents, dozens of imitators surfaced. Many of them merely used a production Manx for a mold and began producing simple counterfeits. "The original Manx mold tilted slightly to the left, and all the copies have the same tilt," says Meyers. At one time he figured at least 80 companies were making direct copies of the Manx. "We took a couple of them to court, but how do you make any sense to a judge who doesn't know a dune buggy from a grilled-cheese sandwich? We finally gave up and let 'em go. I think it's pretty funny, but it'd be a lot funnier if it wasn't costing me so much money."

No one really knows how many Manx dune buggies, including the imitations, are in action around the country, although some estimates go as high as 80,000. Meyers has produced over 7,000 himself, distributed through a network of 200 dealers that have sold, curiously, a majority of the kits cast of the Mississippi. This enthusiasm has driven the price for wrecked VWs sky high, stim-

ulated Volkswagen thefts and spawned a mini-boom in custom bits and pieces for Volkswagen-based buggies.

With traffic congestion, high costs and general inconvenience making the lure of the open road in a high-powered sports car or Detroit muscle machine largely a myth, the off-road buggy market dovetails with the American public's growing fascination with camping and an attempt to reestablish contact with nature. This interest in the outdoors is changing the character of recreational vehicles. Instead of serving as social amulets, or symbols of status, the fun cars are not frivolous; they do things—everything from housing a family on the edge of a mountain stream to carrying an adventure-some pair into the remotest parts of this continent. This is the beauty of Bruce Meyers' Manx—it is a thoroughly usable device, a purely functional machine created with a simplicity of line and economy of material that suggest genius. It is a natural vehicle.

Meyers' last serious encounter with nature was hardly pleasurable. It came in the second running of the Baja 1,000 in 1968. After starting 66th, Meyers and Wheeler Anderson thumped up inward the head of the pack about 150 miles south of Ensenada. Bustling across the crumbling, dusty surface at 60 mph, they nose-dived into a hidden arroyo, crashing in a tangle of ruptured metal and Fiberglas. Meyers was trapped in the bent Manx for several hours before being evacuated by helicopter. Initial reports indicated Meyers was dead, then were tempered by the news that he would live, although his left leg would be amputated. Both were exaggerations, although six weeks in the hospital and several operations and skin grafts were necessary to save his leg.

Another operation is scheduled—to fuse Meyers' anklebone and to permit him to walk without pain—but Bruce Meyers is too busy to brood about it. He is adding the final touches to the Manx SR, an exquisite, truncated sports coupe that is a more sophisticated version of the Manx. His financial people talk of mergers and other folderol. But Bruce Meyers says, "Dune buggies aren't important to me. Not really important. It's the execution of an idea—the creation of a new concept that stokes me. I don't want to be known as a dune-buggy builder. I want to be remembered as the kind of a guy who created things."

END

MEYERS AND MANX. ITS SIMPLE FUNCTIONALISM HAS MADE IT A MUSEUM SPECIMEN



Some tough Westerners say: 'No snow job for us!'

The Bureau of Reclamation plans to seed the Colorado clouds to get more snow; natives are saying they have too much of the white stuff now

The San Juan Mountains men of southwestern Colorado can handle weapons. They hunt deer, elk and bighorn sheep. They shoot down avalanches with howitzers. They dynamite granite to make way for roads and mines. These miners, ranchers, farmers and townspeople of this recreational utopia—all law-abiding citizens—are now talking vigilantism. As one miner puts it: "If those weathermen screw up life around here they may suddenly discover their equipment blown to bits."

The weathermen in this case are not armed SDS anarchists but federal Bureau of Reclamation meteorologists out to seed local clouds with silver iodide. In October they will begin mankind's biggest "precipitation augmentation" project on a 4,000-square-mile pilot area in the midst of prime hunting, fishing and vacation land. Should the Project Skywater snowmaking program work, federal officials will proceed to seed 14,000 square miles on the western slope of the Colorado Rockies, over 13° of the state.

The Bureau of Reclamation hopes that cloud seeding will increase the San Juan winter snowpack by 20% to boost runoff into the Colorado River basin and meet growing Western water demand. But the opinionated residents of the towns of Ouray, Ridgway, Silverton, Lake City and Telluride oppose cloud seeding and counter scientific expertise with lifetime experience. They insist extra snow will ruin hunting, fishing, recreation, mining, ranching and farming, while increasing avalanche and flood hazards.

Hundreds of thousands of sportsmen have relaxed in these mountains and millions of moviegoers have visited them vicariously. The San Juans have made the classic alpine backdrop for Hollywood hits like *The Unsinkable Molly Brown* and *How the West Was Won*. This is where Paul Newman and Robert Redford played *Burch Cassidy* and the *Sundance Kid*. Beneath these snow-capped 14,000-foot peaks John Wayne accomplished his Oscar-winning portrayal of Rooster Cogburn in *True Grit*.

Inside the Bureau of Reclamation's 14-story Denver headquarters, Project Skywater chief Archie Kahn sympathizes with the restless natives: "When you develop a new technology like this, there are bound to be people problems. Frankly we share the residents' concern for the environment; that's a primary reason for this pilot project. We're trying to find out how precipitation augmentation affects the ecology of this region."

But the San Juan residents argue that Colorado's worst avalanche region (eight people have been killed by slides over the past 12 years) is no place for snowmaking experiments. This spring the Bureau of Reclamation decided to underscore its good faith by postponing seeding in the sector where nearly all of the San Juans' 3,000 residents live. But seeding is still scheduled for next fall for the remaining three-quarters of the pilot area and opponents insist winds will push the pregnant clouds and extra snow into their backyards.

Mrs. Joyce Jorgensen, editor of the *Ouray County Platteau*, says, "We'd

feel a lot happier about cloud seeding if the Bureau of Reclamation learned how to turn off natural snowfall before beginning to turn so much more on." She and her neighbors feel that natural winters are hard enough right now. For example, this past winter was a bad one. More than 358 inches of snow fell on the region. Avalanches killed a father of seven, cut off access to mines and isolated Silverton for several days. Heavy snowpack hurt fall hunting, spring fishing and summer jeep touring. The big snow also destroyed some out and sugar-beet crops and inundated pasture land during the spring runoff.

If cloud seeding predictably produced this kind of winter many sportsmen and tourists would think twice about the San Juans. Last year when Ridgway guide Kirk Boyd attempted to lead hunters to his 13,000-foot camp, fall snows blocked his way. "We tried," he says, "to pack in on horseback four times but the snow was just too deep."

Ouray's Francis Kuboske agrees: "The hunting was terrible last October. Usually the high country is thick with elk. But we didn't see one last fall. The snow hit the first of October and the elk and the deer just moved out."

Kuboske says, too, that cloud seeding could easily affect his summer income. Ouray is to jeopards what Oahu is to surfers. And Kuboske's San Juan Scenic Jeep Tour carries thousands each summer on daylong trips to Telluride and Lake City. When heavy snowpack blocks the best routes, tourists are forced to settle for three-hour trips that stop far short of the scenic highpoints.

Vic Zadra, who runs a hunting camp and owns Ridgway ranch land on the Uncompahgre River, warns that: "The kind of heavy runoff we experienced this year really ruins fishing. Extra gravel and silt are washed down and cover feeding beds. And with extra snow in the mountains it's tough reaching the high-country lakes."

Much of the concern for wildlife is borne out in a 1969 Bureau of Reclamation-sponsored study on the "Ecological Effects of Weather Modification." Two University of Michigan scientists say that "big game populations could be adversely affected if artificial increase of snowpack further reduces winter range which is already critically short in many localities."

The scientists suggest "higher eleva-

tion spring and summer ranges, particularly those heavily used by elk or big-horn sheep, may also be adversely affected by increased snow accumulation." The experts add that extra precipitation could also affect jackrabbits, waterfowl and vegetation. The possibility of silver iodide killing off fish is also mentioned.

Of course there is no assurance that the cloud-seeding program will work. In 1969 a University of California team found that a five-year cloud-seeding project in southern Missouri and northern Arkansas reduced net rainfall by 20%. And recently Dr. B. J. Mason, head of the British weather service, declared that after 20 years of seeding "nobody really has any confidence that cloud seeding has produced significant increases or decreases in rainfall in a way that we can understand."

Whether or not cloud seeding prolongs San Juan winters, the Bureau of Reclamation is apt to become a whipping boy. Johnny Siegfried, general manager of the Dixilyn mine and owner of a Silverton sporting goods store, says: "Even if cloud seeding doesn't produce more snow, people will tend to blame weather accidents on the Bureau of Reclamation."

The prospect of sabotage of the seeding equipment is not remote. Tempera run high in these disputes. For example, when Los Angeles bought up land in California's Owens Valley for reservoirs, dams and aqueducts, some townsmen and ranchers fought back. Between 1924 and 1927 waterway facilities were dynamited nine separate times. Repairs cost Los Angeles \$250,000.

Guerrilla attacks in the San Juans probably could not thwart the cloud-seeding project. But the Bureau of Reclamation isn't taking chances. Says Dr. Kahan: "Most of the silver-iodide generators are sited in areas hard to reach except by helicopter. Frankly I don't see why the residents need to be so emotional. We won't ever seed to achieve more than 150% of the existing long-time average snowpack. Seeding will be halted any time there is an avalanche or flood hazard. Our studies will guard against long-range harm to game, ranching and agriculture. We are also trying to set up a system to compensate residents for damage caused by the seeding. This program is nothing to worry about. All we are doing is helping nature be a little more efficient."

END

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PHILIP HAYS

THE SUN ALSO SETS

Cayetano Ordóñez, handsome hero of a Hemingway novel, father of the famed Antonio, called courageous by some and a coward by others, was one of the supreme matadors of Spain. But when an American college boy found him in Madrid in 1955, little remained but the wounds

BY SAM ADAMS

"Señor Ordóñez, *aviedo*!" the man said, pronouncing the name "Thenyör Ordonyeth." "I haven't been Señor Ordóñez or señor anything for 15 years." He laughed and then leaned across the dining table and shook hands.

"Call me Cayetano. Just Cayetano. The only Señores Ordóñez around now are my sons. You know. Like that great bullfighter. The great Señor Antonio Ordóñez." The man grinned, showing swollen gums and two yellow front teeth. Even three feet away, through the oily odors of food, I could smell his breath, sour and heavy from all the wine he had drunk at lunch.

"So you're an American?" he asked in a hoarse, phlegmy voice. I nodded and he picked up a bell-shaped glass jug with a large cone-shaped spigot sticking out one side, tilted back his head and shot a long stream of red wine into his throat.

"Good," he gargled through the wine. "I like Americans. I've known a lot of Americans. Do you know Ernesto Hemingway, the writer? He's an American."

I said I didn't know Ernesto Heming-

way personally, but that I'd read most of his books and liked them very much.

"He wrote about me in a book once," Cayetano said. "My bullfighting name was Niño de la Palma but in this book Ernesto called me Pedro Romero after Spain's greatest matador. Did you know that?" I said that I had read the book several times and that it was my favorite Hemingway novel. That seemed to please him.

"Too bad," he said after another long drink. "Too bad you didn't know him. A good type, Ernesto." Cayetano pushed the wine over to me.

I raised the jug, aimed the spigot down and then watched the red liquid make a lazy arc to my mouth, stretched open wide like a baby bird's—the sure sign of the amateur—but I did manage to cut off the stream without staining my shirt, and only a few drops dripped onto my chin.

"You're learning," said Cayetano. "Ernesto was very good with the jug and also the wineskin. But that was 30 years ago. We were both young." He reached down and filled the jug from a



continued

giant straw-covered demijohn on the floor.

I had seen a photograph of Cayetano Ordoñez taken 30 years before. It showed a handsome young man in a bullfighter's ornate suit of lighs, standing very dignified with his dress cape hanging casually over one shoulder, looking exactly the way everyone who has never seen a bullfight thinks a bullfighter ought to look. It was a photograph of Niño de la Palma at 21, in his first season as a full-fledged matador, the Pedro Romero of Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*.

"The best-looking boy I have ever seen," Hemingway said of Pedro Romero. But by this time, in 1935, in this small pension in Madrid, only the mouth—half pout and half sneer—and the dark eyes, slanting down from the outside corners, were left. The young

bullfighter of the 1920s was almost unrecognizable in the man who sat in front of me. Cayetano Ordoñez was 51 but looked 70. He was bald except for patches of gray-looking hair over his ears that only accentuated the baldness. His face was a map of dissipation, peck-marked and with the cheeks and nose crisscrossed by hundreds of tiny purple lines. The once-handsome brown eyes were watery and the whites mostly red. His entire body seemed twisted, not wilted or disfigured, just a little out of line from years of being battered by the bulls. He wore trousers and a coat from different suits, shiny and frayed, and a badly darned tan sweater over his thin chest. Yet he had a kind of tattered dignity—that of a man who has lost but who somehow has managed to salvage something good, some tiny piece of brilliance, from defeat.

After lunch the owner of the pension, Julia Hernandez, a dynamic, 250-pound woman who had buried five husbands, took me aside. Cayetano was a lifelong friend, she explained, and for the moment was a little short of money. Would I mind if he took the other bed in my room? Just for a few days? It was the only spare bed in the pension so I didn't have much choice.

"What about his family? Why don't they . . ." I started to ask.

"Those types? They won't have him."

Julia said disgustedly. "They pay him a little every month—the family. They pay him to stay away."

That afternoon I cut my classes at the University of Madrid and went to the American Library to see exactly what Hemingway had said about my new roommate.

In Death in the Afternoon Hemingway

PERHAPS NOT GREAT, BUT HARDLY CUTLESS

Bullfighters are not athletes, but they have much in common with athletes. Their lives are marked by periods of intensity followed by periods of inactivity and, if they are both gifted and lucky, they may earn large sums of money. Like the athlete, the bullfighter may be either folk hero, like Mickey Mantle, or folk villain, like Shoeless Joe Jackson, or both, like Joe Namath.

Cayetano Ordoñez y Aguilera ("Niño de la Palma" 1, 1904-1964, was both folk hero and folk villain. He is widely known in the English-speaking world because of Ernest Hemingway's attention to him and because his much publicized son, Antonio Ordoñez, is the latest bullfighter active today, though Hemingway's unflattering assessment of Cayetano in *Death in the Afternoon* is inaccurate in detail and probably wrong in spirit, if his Spanish contemporaries can be believed.

Without question, Cayetano Ordoñez was an unusually good bullfighter, so good that his work in 1924 and 1925 caused critics who should have known better to write that he had greatness and that he could be the originator of a new era in the art. He was what the Spanish call a *revolver torero*, one with a wide repertory. He had a fine cape, and equal facility with the muleta in right or left hand. He was an agile *banderillero*, and he could kill well when he wanted to. He frequently killed *revoleando* (the kill in

which the matador stands still as he draws the bull upon the sword by voice and movement of the muleta), the bravest single maneuver in bullfighting. Reliable witnesses speak of his grace, naturalness and his instinct for what the bull would do next, which, linked to his spontaneity, made him exciting and interesting to watch. Authorities are not agreed on the matter of Cayetano's *afonso*, which may be defined as pleasure in bullfighting, as compared to the man who goes through his paces only for money. On one occasion, however, after having been gored, Cayetano refused to let the attendants take him to the infirmary until the next bull came out, one he had admired and wanted to see in action. These many qualities in a single bullfighter are rare, but they are not quite sufficient to lead one to call him great. Cayetano lacked the ability to dominate the bull absolutely, therefore he was often caught. He also lacked certain qualities of character and temperament which are essential to the truly great bullfighter.

As to the matter of cowardice, every bullfighter in his right mind fears the bull, a large portion of his art lies in his ability to dominate his fear before the animal's charge, yet at the same time project to the spectators the fact of danger and a whiff of his own normal, human fear. Some bullfighters know more fear than others, Cay-

cetano by his own admission among them, but "cowards" by definition cannot be bullfighters. In any case, Cayetano's career, which is a matter of public record, denies the charge.

Born in Ronda and brought up in poverty there and in La Enxera, near Gibraltar, Cayetano had no master to teach him his craft. An older brother, Antonio, equally unskilled, worked with him, but essentially he taught himself, which is to say he learned from the bulls, as good bullfighters must do. In 1924 he had his first big success with a corral of Miura bulls, at that time among the most difficult animals in Spain.

Cayetano was badly gored on March 1, 1925, in Barcelona. He reappeared on March 22, before the wound had closed, and he continued to appear all that season for a total of 70 performances, a very large number before the day of air travel. Throughout his career he appeared in the first plazas of Spain, holding his own in the company of a generation of excellent bullfighters. The bulls he faced had not yet been bred down, they were animals of five or even six years of age, with considerable growth of horn and weighing 500 to 600 kilos.

Despite good seasons in 1926 and 1927 of 44 and 65 *corrales*, Cayetano's performance became inconsistent and he never again equaled the success of his earlier years. Although the facts are clear, the real rea-

says that during his first season—the time of Pedro Romero in *The San Abdo River*—Cayetano “looked like the messiah who had come to save bullfighting if ever anyone did.” But in that first year Cayetano was badly gored in the thigh and, “That was the end of him . . . What had happened was that the horn wound, the first real going, had taken all his valor. He never got it back.”

Yet for almost another 20 years, until the early 1940s when he finally retired for the last time, Cayetano Ordoñez, Niño de la Palma, without his valor, afraid, fought the bulls. Only in Madrid, it was said, did he occasionally recapture some of his old brilliance, and then only because he forced himself—despite his fear—to perform well for the bullfight critics of the capital. It was simple economics. Good press in Madrid meant good contracts elsewhere.

When I returned to the pension I found Cayetano sitting on my bed in his shorts sipping *anis* out of a half-liter bottle. The sickly licorice smell filled the room.

“Hello, Samuel,” he said and then smiled when he saw I was staring at his legs. They were remarkable, the calves and thighs almost the same size and covered with a cross-hatching of scars.

“Souvenirs of the profession,” he laughed. “I got a few more good ones back here on my butt.” Cayetano slapped his buttocks.

“Hey, student. What did you study today?” he asked after another long pull at the *anis* bottle.

“You,” I answered and immediately was sorry I’d said anything.

“Me?” he said. “How do you study me? Are they teaching old Niño de la Palma at the university?”

I explained that I had gone to an Eng-

lish-language library and, just by chance, had come across the book in which Hemingway had written about Pedro Romero. Cayetano obviously was pleased. “What did it say about me . . . about Pedro Romero?” he asked.

“He said that you—that Pedro Romero—had greatness. That your bullfighting gave real emotion and that you always worked very close to the bull.”

“You see, Samuelito, what did I tell you? And it all occurs at the Feria de San Fermin in Pamplona and I make love to the English woman, right?”

I told him he was right and he seemed quite happy and drank some more *anis*. But then he got up and walked over to the window and for a long time stared down into the street.

“Ernesto wrote about me in another book,” he said finally, still looking out the window, his back toward me. “It is

continued

sons for his decline remain hidden. In 1926 Cayetano made the error of waging a one-man campaign against critics who took bribes from bullfighters, with the result that his press notices turned blue. His marriage in 1927 appeared to influence him to retire in 1928, although he returned in 1929 for 43 *corridos*. By now the public wanted more from him than he was willing to offer, and he was often accused of apathy and coldness. He continued to perform until the Civil War in 1936, appearing in 20 to 40 *corridos* a season. He made token appearances in 1943, and again in 1945, this time as a *banderillero* (assistant) to Pepe Luis Vázquez, an ignominious change for the once triumphant matador.

Cayetano was proud of the fact that three of his five sons became bullfighters. Antonio a triumphantly good one, yet his peide was blighted by the apparent suicide of one of his sons. By the early 1950s Cayetano had become an alcoholic and, like many alcoholics, somewhat paranoid as well. His acquaintances all agree that he was hard to take in his last years. His family was if anything generous.

This is the man Sam Adams found in Madrid in 1955, and describes well here. Bullfighters say that the public can give more serious goings than the bulls. Cayetano's biography supports the idea.

JOHN MCCORMICK



a book all about bullfighting and he uses real names. Do you know it?"

I said I thought he must be talking about *Death in the Afternoon*, which translates easily but somehow poorly into Spanish.

"And what did Ernesto have to say about me in this other book?" Cayetano turned and gave me a smile. I realized I was embarrassed and showed it.

"Some of what was in the Pedro Romero book," I mumbled. "But it is mostly a general study of bullfighting, with drawings and a list of the Spanish bullfight terms explained in English. You know."

Cayetano winked at me and then sat back down on the bed and leaned over and slapped my knee. The sweet reek of anís was all over him.

"And does Ernesto tell what happened to me when I was badly goled during my first season as a matador? Does he tell you that I was no good after that? That the wound finished me? That I lost my nerve? Does he tell you all about that?"

They were not really questions but I had to say something. "He says you were all bullfighter but that after the goeing you were not as brave as before." It was only half a lie.

"What would he know about being brave and having fear?" Cayetano spat. "From the wars? It's not the same. What does this American writer know of being afraid and alone out there with the bull and sometimes having to find your nerve again to please the animals in the expensive seats in the shade so they'll give you contracts for another season? What does Don Ernesto Hemingway have to say about that?"

Don Ernesto Hemingway had said that Niño de la Palma's occasional good performances after that first season were "the brave actions of a coward." I said nothing.

Cayetano emptied the anís bottle and seemed to relax. "Ah, what fear I had," he said. "What magnificent fear! Sometimes I shook so bad I could hardly control my legs."

He shook his head and then looked

at the anís bottle and shook it. "Twenty years with the fear," he said. "Twenty years I fought so my family would have enough to eat, a clean place to live, and now I'm nothing to them. Nothing! And do you want to know why?" Cayetano laughed. "Because I have no shame. I'm a disgrace." A fine mixture of anís and spit sprinkled my cheek. "I'm just an old drunk and my family are all high society now and live where there are trees, while I stay in this whore of a pension in this whore of a town."

Cayetano studied the empty bottle again and then went out to the dining room and brought back a bottle of house wine. Board, even if you weren't paying it, meant free wine.

"What else did the good author have to say about me?" he asked after a long silence.

"Nothing." I started to say, but then I remembered something else and hoped it wouldn't be the wrong thing to remember. "He said you had too much imagination." Cayetano looked as if someone had knocked his breath out. He just sat motionless on the bed, gaping, but then the corners of his mouth began to twitch and his whole dissipated face cracked into a huge grin.

"He said that about me?" he roared. "That I had too much imagination?" Cayetano bounced up from the bed and yelled down the hallway, "Julia, listen to this! The American writer, Ernesto Hemingway, wrote in a book that I had . . ." and he broke up laughing once again, "that I had too much imagination." I don't think Julia was even in the pension.

"Ah, what a good one that is." Cayetano laughed. "What a rare thing. Too much imagination! He knew, that Ernesto. He understood it. What an author, that one."

I wondered if he knew what else Hemingway had said about him in *Death in the Afternoon*.

"If you see Niño de la Palma chances are you will see cowardice in its least attractive form; its fat rumped, prematurely bald from using hair fixatives, prematurely senile form. He, of all the young bullfighters who came up in the 10

years after Belmonte's first retirement, raised the most false hopes and proved the greatest disappointment."

I roomed with Cayetano Ordóñez for three weeks. Three long, unpleasant and, for me, mostly sleepless weeks. In the early-morning hours he would stumble in, collapse fully dressed on the bed and begin snoring the loud, satisfied snores of a drunk who has drunk enough to sleep. Soon the whole room would be stinking with the rank sweetness of cheap cognac or, worse, anís. And later I'd hear the almost inhuman retching sound as he vomited into our white enamel chamber pot. Once he woke up vomiting and got half of it all over his sheets and pillowcase. And sometimes he'd just moan in his sleep, which was far worse than the snores or the violent discharges.

If I got two consecutive hours' sleep a night I was lucky. In the mornings I would stumble onto the streetcar for the university, which, fortunately, was at the end of the line, because I would have slept all the way to Lisbon if the streetcar had been going there.

I began to strongly dislike Cayetano, which was too bad because outside of the ordeal of the long nights he was good company. He had a wry sense of humor and offered endless bullfight stories, which he told well, if somewhat with the cynicism of one who has failed. He knew just about everything about everybody who had had anything to do with bullfighting for the preceding 30 years. All the anecdotes. All the tragedy and failure and glory. All the dirt. "Bullfighting today is a mockery," he once said. "The bulls are half-size, with their horns shaved down, and the horses are padded to protect the tourists."

In addition, Cayetano Ordóñez was the only character from a Hemingway novel that I'd ever met, and I was 19 and in Spain. But none of this quite made up for having to live with him in that small room at night.

Finally I told Julia that either she put me in another room, which was out of the question, or I would have to find another place to live.

"Stay, Samuel," she said. "It's only

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CAYETANO *continued*

for a few more days. Cayetano is just waiting for his money, and I can't put him out in the street. He has no place else to go." I agreed to stay for "a few more days."

"Who pays for his drinks every night?" I asked.

Julia just shrugged. "What sons!" she said, ignoring my question. "They care nothing for their poor sick father who risked his life a thousand times for them. High society. That's all they are now. Antonio and Pepe and the whole disgrace of a family. High society, in with the Dominguels and all." Julia pushed up her nose with a thumb and then made a classic obscene gesture. "They have repudiated Cayetano when it is Cayetano who should disown them."

I asked if he were really great that first season.

Julia threw up her hands. "He was the best I've ever seen. The best! But after he got that first bad wound he was something to watch. Sometimes gray, really gray with fear. He could barely look at the bull. And when he had to kill he'd just stab it anywhere and hope. But that first season . . . there's never been anybody like that. Just like the American writer said." Which was not exactly what the American writer had said.

The next evening Cayetano came into the pension wearing a new suit, cheap but definitely new, and carrying two bottles of expensive Carlos Primero cognac and a whole suckling pig stuffed under one arm, its head peeking out from under the brown butcher's paper.

"I'm leaving tomorrow, so tonight we have a party," he announced. It sounded like a command. The money, some money, obviously had come through.

The dinner was excellent. The little pig, head still in place, was unbelievably succulent, its pink skin cooked to a perfect amber, and crisp when you bit through into the sweet tender meat. There were eggs baked with spicy sausages, and a giant salad of tomatoes, onions and cucumbers soaked in fine Catalan olive oil. We drank a lot of red Marqués de Riscal that I contributed, partly because I felt guilty for being

so relieved that Cayetano was leaving.

But in spite of the fine meal and good conversation, Julia was uncharacteristically quiet and looked worried. After coffee and most of one bottle of Carlos Primero, Cayetano, still quite sober, excused himself and said he was going out to take a short walk.

"Go after him, Samuel," Julia said as soon as Cayetano had left the dining room.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "He's just going out to get drunk."

"No, Samuel, this is different," Julia said, pressing her temples. "I know him. When he has money and puts on a new suit and buys the dinner and expensive wine and cognac, then it's going to be bad. I know him, Samuel. Go with him and try to keep him out of trouble."

"But he's already gone," I said.

"He'll be down the street at the Moya. He always goes there for one cognac before he goes on someplace else. They like him there. He goes there first and never is very drunk. Please, Samuel."

Julia looked so frantic that I got my coat and hurried down the two flights of stairs and out onto Corredera Baja.

Cayetano was standing at the marble bar in the cluttered little Café Miquel Moya, the kind of place that specializes in dealing out one or two fast drinks to men on their way someplace else—to work, home, an assignation, another drink.

"Well, what a coincidence," he said sarcastically. I started to order, but Cayetano motioned to the barman who pushed a saucer and a pony of brandy in front of me.

"Julia sent you after me, eh?" Cayetano was leering at me.

"No," I snapped. "What are you saying? I often come in here for a drink after dinner." It was a poor attempt at anger. And also a lie.

"Really?" Cayetano grinned. "Well, I've never seen you in here before." He turned to the barman. "Carlos, you ever seen this kid in here before?" Carlos shook his head.

Cayetano reached over and patted my shoulder. "That's O.K., Samuelito. Julia has no brains in her head, but if

that fine woman sent you to be my bodyguard then that's what you'll do."

We drank our way out to Callao and down the Gran Vía, then through the side streets to the Puerta del Sol and across that giant square to Avenida San Jerónimo, stopping for only one or two drinks in each café.

Everywhere Cayetano made the grand entrance, effusively greeting owners and hangers-on as old, long-lost friends. And Cayetano was well known. Everywhere he was treated with suspicion until they saw he had money, and they saw that right away.

He would pay at once for the first round, pulling a crisp new salmon-pink 100-peseta note from a bulging wallet that showed more of the same, and then leave his change scattered carelessly on the bar. The result was always a warm greeting. "How's it going? It's been a long time." And then the offer of a drink on the house, which Cayetano would refuse curtly.

"The cheap bastards," he said as we walked across Plaza de Canalejas.

"They'll always buy you a drink when you've got money but never when you're broke and need one. And it costs them the same, the drink."

Suddenly he was very drunk.

In the next café Cayetano took one sip of his cognac and then carefully poured it on the floor like a chemist doing an experiment with a test tube.

"You call this cognac?" he yelled at the barman. It was the same cognac he'd been drinking all night.

We were asked to leave.

"What can one do?" the owner whispered to me, shaking his head and looking very sad.

On Calle Echegaray, a narrow street of cheap bars with whores and good food and hufflight ticket scalpers, Cayetano walked into a café where they did know me so I felt a little better about being with him. It was a café like thousands in Spain and quite a few on 14th Street in New York. It had a high ceiling with three very bright overhead lights that made the cigar and cigarette smoke seem thicker than it was. The walls were murals done in those mostly blue and

continued



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some yellow ceramic tiles that you see so much of in Spain. Any wall space without a mural was filled with a bullfight poster. The bar was of the usual cheap orangish marble and behind it were countless bottles and two wine barrels. The rest of the café was cluttered with cheap wooden tables and chairs, and at one of the back tables the house guitar player, a friend of mine, sat with two other men. He was a left-handed guitar player who called himself El Zurdo—the southpaw—which was of considerable help in his business since he was not a very good guitar player. He smiled as we came in through the bead curtain at the door and then glanced at Cayetano and gave me a worned look.

The owner of the café had seen us too. He waddled over to the bar and started to say something but Cayetano slapped down a 100-peseta note and said, "What'll you have, *patrón*?"

It was clearly a challenge and the owner backed down, ordered a sherry, gulped it and excused himself.

"See," Cayetano said to me in a loud voice as the owner hurried away. "I know how to treat them."

Two men standing next to us at the bar turned and gave Cayetano a disgusted look. He had his back to them and didn't see it. The men were both well dressed, drinking Carlos Primo, and the barman had left the bottle, an honor accorded only the nob.

"Now this Antonio Ordoñez," said the first man, continuing their conversation, "I think he's. . ."

"You think he's what?" Cayetano had snapped around and was looking straight at them. "Just what about Antonio Ordoñez?"

The man was a little startled. "I said I thought he was, without doubt, one of the best today and probably would become one of the great ones."

"Ah, another José, perhaps? Or a Belmonte?" Cayetano asked very pleasantly.

"It is possible," the man answered. "Very possible."

"No, señor, it is not possible," Cayetano said. "It is not possible because he is a fraud, this Antonio Ordoñez. All the bullfighters today are frauds. They don't fight bulls, they fight calves, and still they trim their horns."

"And just who, old man, the hell are you?" The second man was glaring at us.

Cayetano smiled. "I was Niño de la Palma," he said simply.

"Mother of God," said the first man.

"The father?" He looked over at the barman. The barman shrugged and then nodded confirmation. "It's true. He's the father, Cayetano."

"So what?" said the second man.

"He's just jealous." He turned back to

fect. Under the picture was advertised a "Grandiose Bullfight" and the poster went on to say that "with high permission and if the weather does not impede it, there will be rendered dead by sword thrust 6 handsome and brave bulls 6 . . . by those great swordsmen: Julio Aparicio, Antonio Bienvenida, Antonio Ordoñez."

Cayetano stood for a long time looking at the perfect matador make the perfect pass. Then he spit on the poster.

"There, Antonio, my son," he said quietly. "You repudiate me and so I now repudiate you." Cayetano reached up and tore half the poster off the wall, tearing off the head and shoulders of the perfect matador and all of the bull.

Then he sat down at a table and began to weep.

"Mother of God," said the first man and paid for their drinks and the two of them left, not looking at Cayetano as they passed the table.

I went over and sat down in front of him and said, "Let's go home." He just stared at me, the tears still running down his cheeks. El Zurdo and I managed to get him up and out the door.

Once outside, Cayetano seemed all right. We walked him up to Plaza de Canalejas, but as we were about to cross the square he suddenly stopped, pulled away from us and waved at something.

"My son Antonio," he said proudly. "There's Antonio. He's one of the best matadors in Spain now. Soon he'll be the best of all and not suffer many wounds and then retire with money and fame and honor. Hello, Antonio, I salute you. There he is."

"Where?" I asked stupidly.

"There," said Cayetano. "In that taxi." He pointed to a cab that had come out of Calle de Sevilla and was cutting across Canalejas, a black French-made Citroën like all the taxis in Madrid in 1955. He waved again as it passed in front of us and turned into San Jerónimo. "Hello, Antonio!"

The cab was empty.



Cayetano. "You're just jealous of your son, You were nothing. You were nothing as Niño de la Palma and you're nothing now."

Cayetano studied the two men for a while and then walked over to the end of the bar where a bullfight handbill was posted on the wall. In brilliant colors, a slim, handsome *torero* was executing a perfect natural pass with his blood-red cape. The line formed by the man and the bull and the cape was per-



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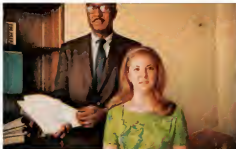
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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

BILL RUSSELL (CONT.)

Sirs,

Re *Succors Is a Jokester* (June 8) by William F. Russell. Of all the articles and features with which you have blessed us over the years, I believe that this one has the potential to recommend it as just about the best yet. It says so much of what has to be said—should have been said—over the past two decades.

THE REV. PATRICK ADAMS, O.F.M.,
St. Mary's Catholic Church
Americus, Ga.

Sirs,

Perhaps we have another philosopher on the scene—a la Eric Hoffer, who is a penetrating thinker and who has lived—really lived—in the world rather than in an ivory tower.

JOSEPH F. DIORANDI

West Haven, Conn.

Sirs,

Will you kindly advise in your publication where contributions can be sent for the support of Bill Russell, who became a millionaire throwing a ball through a hoop and proceeded to criticize the system that made this possible.

ART WALL

Cincinnati

Sirs,

William Felton Russell is a man who speaks from his tall shoulders. In his latest SI article he writes with some truth, some opinion and some bitterness. But it appears that some of his bitterness, no matter how justified, transcends the truth. Bill writes that in the 1963-64 season the "quota system" won a title for the Celtics "because the Cincinnati Royals, who had a "better team than we did," gave away Bob Boozer to get down to their black quota. I was general manager of the Royals at that time, and the trading of Boozer was not a racial matter in any way. In fact, I earlier had made an unsuccessful attempt to trade Bob for Ray Scott, who happens to be black. If there was any quota system, nobody ever bothered to tell me.

The Boozer trade did not hurt the Royals during the regular season. It is a matter of record that the Royals' won-loss statistics were 20-12 before the trade and 35-13 after it (for a 55-25 finish). Also, the Royals and Celtics were 3-1 in the six games they had played at the time Bob was traded, and Cincinnati won four of the remaining six games with Boston. Whether the trade hurt the Royals during the playoffs is a

minor question. The main reason the Celtics beat the Royals was Bill Russell.

I do agree with Russell on one point: I don't think that particular trade should have been made. There was color involved, but it was green, not black. There are enough real race problems we all need to work on without manufacturing phony ones.

PEPPER WILSON

Cincinnati

Sirs,

Russell has long been one of my idols, and I enjoyed the frankness of his writing. I did take exception to one sentence: Arnold Palmer was voted Athlete of the Decade purely "along racial lines." Russell voiced his opinion, now I'll voice mine. Professional basketball could and would have become just as great without Bill Russell because of the abundance of super basketball players. However, golf without Arnold Palmer would still be a minor league sport. Palmer did more for his sport in the '60s than any other person in any other sport.

DAVE SCHMAKER

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sirs,

Russell shattered glass houses and misconceptions that deserved destruction. It is because of these misconceptions that too many fans cannot believe that Rich Allen has not yet polarized the Cardinals and jumped the team. It is because of these misconceptions that white "middle America" cannot understand why Muhammad Ali was willing to disdain the chance to be a multimillionaire and world champion and why he still is a genuine hero to black youths. It is because of these misconceptions that few believed it when Russell, Jackie Robinson, Jim Brown and Curt Flood said they would not play again. Ballplayers, above all else, are more human beings who should be treated neither like gods nor like pawns, property. Until we learn this we will continue to hoo sensitive young men who are doing their best and to lavish praise on other naive young men while they secretly ignore league and federal gambling laws.

I hope that the majority of your readers will not miss the article, but I have already found too many who did.

TERRY M. BINKS

Washington

Sirs,

I must take issue with my idol over some of his statements about Muhammad Ali. Having read Ali's biography, *Black Is Beautiful* by Jack Olsen, I will agree with Russell

continued

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19TH HOLE Foreword

that "Ali has supported his faith at great financial loss to himself." But before nodding in agreement that "the only athletes we should bother with attaching any importance to are those like Ali . . ." one must examine just what type of "faith" Mr. Ali preaches. If the very title of his biography doesn't reveal enough, perhaps one should study this quote from page 56 of the book: "The fact that he is at least partially white does not please black supremacists Cassius Clay Jr. 'My white blood came from the slave-masters, from raping,' he explained to a racially mixed audience. 'The white blood harms us, it hurts us. When we was darker, we was stronger. We was purer.'"

Every bloody battle of every war in history has been fought by people who are supporting their faith and standing up for their beliefs. If there ever comes a day when we raise statues to all those who have supported their faith, the earth's supply of marble will quickly be exhausted—and, hopefully, before an ounce of stone can be wasted on racists like Muhammad Ali.

MAN MILLARD

Portland, Me.

Sirs:

I vehemently object to your magazine providing a platform to expound the political views of former or present athletes from the left, right or center. If Bill Russell is happy to be unhappy in our society then that is his bag. However, I prefer that your magazine confine its efforts to sports.

PETI CONTRATTO

San Jose, Calif.

Sirs:

Right on, Bill Russell. Write out!
JIM HARRISON JR.

Austin, Texas

WRITE-INS

Sirs:

I would like to compliment you on a very fine article about the All-Star team selection. I'd *Box-Bro in Bubs for Bower*, June 15. It woke up the voters. I think that after your article there will be 40% or 50% write-ins.

I will give credit for Mr. Kuhn's idea of bringing the voting back to the fans, since we are receiving the enjoyment. I just hope that he doesn't say that the reason for not putting the names of Dick Dietz and Billy Grabarkiewicz on the ballot was that he couldn't spell them.

WILLIAM A. McDERMOTT

Kinnelon, N.J.

Sirs:

It was stated that Gillette is using a sales force of 150 men to prevent the stuffing of the All-Star ballot boxes. Have they for-

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18TH HOLE • continued

azette, but the times are changing. I'd like to thank you for your unbiased revelation on this powerful situation. Carry on.

JOHN COSOVLE

Santa Ana, Calif

Sirs,

I believe this to be one of the most biased, obviously distorted and prejudiced accounts I have ever read in a magazine presumably dedicated to principles of fair play and sportsmanship. I was deeply upset that lightly veiled charges of police brutality found refuge in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. One can only speculate as to how much of the success of the boycott of the University of California's multipurpose recreation facility can be attributed to active student support and how much to fear of reprisal from reprobate radicals. Certainly dissent would seem to be rather effectively stifled when dissenters find their phone numbers published in radical newspapers.

MICHAEL FLATHERSTONE

Troy, Mich

PRODIGES

Sirs:

I would like to call your attention to another distance prodigy who is faster than Oregon's Steve Prefontaine was at the same age (*The Freshman and the Great Gam*, June 15). John Baxter, a sophomore at Upper St. Clair (Pa.) High School, has run a 4:32 mile and a 9:34 1/2 two-mile, compared to Prefontaine's 4:32 and 9:42.5. Of course, there is always the question of improvement, but John is a very dedicated runner who constantly runs faster and faster times.

BOB OLSCHLAGER

Pittsburgh

SUBSTITUTE SAINT

Sirs:

In regards to Mr. Thomas A. Cooke's statement (1976 *Box*, June 15) about "30-year-old, second-string running back" Ernie Wheelwright not figuring on playing for the Saints next season and thus capitalizing on the publicity about his Central Park South bar-lounge (*This Saver Has Been Called a Saver*, June 11), let me say that if Mr. Cooke was any kind of a Saint fan, he would have known that Wheelwright means to the Saints what John Havlicek means to the Celtics—he's a super substitute who came off the bench more than once last season to help the Saints pull one out of the fire (the San Francisco game, for instance).

VINCENT P. FORNIA

New Orleans

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